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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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"Friend Wife"

ONCE it may have been the songs of the people that were revealing, but since songs are now prepared by formula and sung by machines, the true bent of the popular mind is more likely to appear in colloquialisms and slang. "Friend husband" and "friend wife," those favorite phrases of the great American public, with their unexpected conjunctions of platonic adjectives and domestic nouns, may therefore have more than a catchword significance.

Friend husband and friend wife! The history of American marriage in recent years might be drawn from those words; and a shrewd analyst might extract from them an explanation of the startling shifts and changes of sex-in-literature since 1900. For they breathe an aspiration, and contain a contradiction, which together have provided many of the favorite themes of modern books.

The desire and hope is obvious enough. Men and women are to be equals now, not merely in the sight of God but also in the daily activities of business, politics, and sport. And if men and women are to be companions in the game of life, why not husbands and wives? No more patriarchs (nor matriarchs either), no more of "the stern sex," no more heads of families, no more antitheses between working and weeping, no more Olivias but plenty of Violas and Rosalinds, no mere shrew tamers and no more Ophelias. That is the theory of American marriage which has become so familiar as to find expression in a thoughtless phrase. Equality of authority and responsibility, freedom of action as between friends, most of all, companionship.

Nor is the aspiration woman's alone; for if the new relationship is due to a lessening of respect for all arbitrary authority inworking with a new economic status for woman and the growth of humanitarianism, yet the desire of the man for a new type of wife, less clinging, not servile, more congenial, more "like a man," is quite evident.

But the new idea contains contradictions which, if by no means fatal, are certainly of the very complexion of those slips and strains in human relationships which have been the stuff of both tragic and comic literature since the beginning.

Friend wife has tried to be a good sport and a good housewife at the same time, finding the combination difficult. A hundred domestic comedies take their rise from this theme. She has combined the functions of motherhood with a job so that she might in truth be a companion to a man who lived in his work; and sometimes the job has suffered, and sometimes the children, and very often the companionship has been strained or warped by stresses of emotion not mentioned in the new charter of life she signed so hopefully. And sometimes she has worked at a new companionship by devices quite as new—methods of running a home that would have dazed the nineteenth century, or a breaking of conventions and an establishing of precedents which, in both success and failure, have supplied so many novelists with plots that one wonders what would have been written in prose fiction between 1900 and 1930 if women had merely "stayed in the home."

Friend husband has raised quite as much literature for his monument. Companionship never troubled him much. He liked it when he got it, and shrugged his shoulders when he did not, having always the club. But home, and love, were other questions. His prime functions were as lover, father, provider. But if the new relationship did not affect the latter two, it strangely muddled the first. For lovers are not friends, nor friends lovers. That term, friend husband, which they applied to him, expressed the curious aspiration toward sexlessness which swept over America in the late nineteenth century. We were going to get rid of all that sort of thing (drinking also), and did, for a while, in our literature. Husbands were not to be Romeos and Antonys, but *friends*, and if they asked for more, let them read what *The Ladies Home Journal* said about it. It was then, one believes, that the term

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The Red Hinds of Thought

By PAMELA TRAVERS

O BRIGHT wild thoughts, my galloping red hinds,
Come from your pathless woods of dark bough and green feather
I have woven a harness of shining words to tether
Your beauty lest it blow away on the winds.

Bend down your heads, my darlings, my shy ones—
Smooth throats under my hand and my hand falters
That I should bind even with flowery halters
You that have fed on stars and the milk of moons.

Yet how can I but bind you knowing this—
I shall be old at last and that pilgrim passion
Will wander out of my blood when it's out of fashion
With thundering tunes and fears and promises.

And it's no difficult matter to deny
With lips grown grey that lips were once vermilion,
That the old heart once sprang upon love's pillion
And rode that silver stallion gallantly.

Oh, now there's apple-blossom in my mood,
The nets I cast for dreams are brimming over
But lest my ebbing spring turn like a faithless lover
And lay me bare of all my glittering brood

Come to my arms, hind after shy red hind
Out of the pathless woods let us go together,
I have woven a harness of shining words to tether
Your beauty that has shot arrows through my mind.

This Week

"The Party Dress."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.

"Alexander Pope."
Reviewed by LEE WILSON DODD.

"The Solitary Warrior."
Reviewed by AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS.

"The Selbys."
Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT.

"The Dark Journey."
By CHRISTOPHER WARD.

"New Legends."
Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

The Bowling Green.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

A Letter from France.
By ABEL CHEVALLEY.

Next Week

A Modern Synthesis II
By LEWIS MUMFORD.

A New Trollope

By CLYDE FURST

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S novels were well described by Nathaniel Hawthorne when he called them "as real as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case, with all its inhabitants going about their daily business, and not suspecting that they were being made a show of." How Trollope's fiction attained this quality is explained by his autobiography, which, very happily, is printed as the first volume of the present edition.* Of high rank among autobiographies, it is of the very highest among books dealing with the production of literature.

The "Autobiography" was written in the author's sixtieth and sixty-first years, but remained unpublished until a year after his death in 1882, at the age of sixty-seven. Trollope was born of a family that descended from a baronet and included an admiral, a bishop, and a baron. Of his grandfathers, one was a rural rector; the other a vicar, and a fellow of New College, Oxford. Trollope's father, also, was fellow of New College, a scholar in ecclesiastical history, and a successful barrister, until irritability from ill-health repelled his clients and friends, and ambition to become a country gentleman dissipated his fortune. Anthony, consequently, suffered from shabbiness during his schooling at Harrow and Winchester, and found himself at nineteen not, like his brothers, at Oxford or Cambridge, but, through the influence of a friend, a minor clerk of the General Post Office in London.

Meanwhile, following an unsuccessful business venture in the United States, his mother published, in 1832, her impressions of the "Domestic Manners of the Americans." With its sensational success she began, at the age of fifty, to support her family and earn the travel and semi-fashionable life that she loved, by writing forty other books, mostly three-volume novels. Her elder son, Thomas Adolphus, followed her example by writing thirty books, in fifty volumes, chiefly concerning Italy. Anthony, after seven years of poverty, loneliness, and depression in London, was made deputy postal surveyor in Ireland, where he learned to hunt, was promoted, married, and, at thirty-two, issued the first of his seventy books, aggregating one hundred and forty volumes. He and his brother and his mother probably published more volumes than were ever issued by any other family.

As a lonely child and youth Trollope made a pleasing world for himself by inventing stories in which he lived for weeks and months at a time. Later, for sixteen years in Ireland and ten more in England, with excursions into Scotland, he traveled constantly on postal business by horseback, coach, and train, visited all sorts of places, including almost every house in some regions, and dealt with all conditions of men. He thus accumulated an incomparable store of experience and observation. Almost every page of his autobiography describes some place or person or incident which was afterward used in his fiction, although with such modification that, in his mother's characteristic phrase, it is impossible to recognize any particular pig in the sausage.

Trollope, of course, had a natural gift of utterance. Among the few things his father taught him were writing letters and making abstracts of information, so that in his first post-office work, which had to do with correspondence, he found "If I had a thing to say, I could so say it in written words

* THE SHAKESPEARE HEAD EDITION OF THE BARSETSHIRE NOVELS OF ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Edited by MICHAEL SADLEIR. Houghton Mifflin Company. 1930. 14 vols.

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that the readers should know what I meant." From fifteen to twenty-five he increased this facility by keeping a daily private journal. Throughout the remainder of his post-office connection, which covered a total of thirty-three years, he wrote countless reports with the greatest interest and care, endeavoring to state the essential factors of each situation with precision and brevity and so that the record might be pleasant to read. No one, I think, has noted the extent to which this long experience with official memoranda, correspondence, and reports influenced the manner and style of Trollope's fiction, making every volume substantial, sensible, business-like, and gentlemanly, and hence peculiarly acceptable to masculine readers. As Mrs. Browning said, "a thoroughly *man's* book." It should be added immediately that Trollope has always been a favorite with feminine readers also. Perhaps because of the influence of his mother and of his own happy marriage, he advanced so far beyond Scott and Thackeray and Dickens in the treatment of women as rational human beings that he has been justly called, by a woman critic, "the real Victorian Shakespeare in the matter of women." His readers have been profoundly appreciative of this attitude, which is still a distinction among novelists.

Trollope's first two novels, on Irish themes, a third novel, dealing with French history, and a play, afterward transformed into a novel, met with little success. Then, during a mission to England, while wandering at evening about Salisbury Cathedral, he conceived the story of "The Warden," the first of the Chronicles of Barsetshire, the best known group of his novels. "The Warden," his first popular book, was published when he was forty.

"The Warden," published in 1855, although one of the shortest of Trollope's novels, was longer in the writing than any other, and annexed a new territory to English fiction, some years before the author's intimate friend, George Eliot, published her "Scenes of Clerical Life." Trollope "had been struck by two opposite evils,—the possession by the Church of certain funds and endowments which had been allowed incomes for idle Church dignitaries," and "the undeserved severity of the newspapers toward the recipients of such incomes, who could hardly be considered . . . the chief sinners." He remembered at Winchester a hospice that had been in litigation, he saw at Salisbury an ideal location for it, and the solemn picturesqueness of Barchester Cathedral and its surroundings came into being, peopled by some of the best beloved of Trollope's characters,—the Bishop of Barchester, benevolent, old, rich, and lenient; his son, Archdeacon Grantley, solid, earnest, and masterful; the archdeacon's father-in-law, the Reverend Septimus Harding, gentle and conscientious Warden of Hiram's Hospital and its dozen old bedesmen, also precentor of the cathedral, devoted to the cello, and author of "Harding's Church Music"; and the warden's younger daughter Eleanor, whose affection for her father conflicted with that for her lover, who was an eager reformer. Trollope's vibration between distrust of castes, scorn of press-clamor, and sympathy with individuals; between sharp observation and mellow humor, gives the book a peculiarly life-like quality. His satire of the Jupiter as the only infallible source of universal wisdom brought even *The Times* to attention.

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"Barchester Towers," written chiefly on trains, was published in 1857. At its beginning the most important person in the diocese was, in the opinion of each, the archdeacon, Bishop Proudie, Mrs. Proudie, and Mr. Slope the bishop's chaplain. The bishop had long capitulated to Mrs. Proudie, but he had not yet met Ethelbert, son of Prebendary Stanhope, who lived mostly in Italy; nor had any of the four yet encountered Ethelbert's sister, the Signorina Madeline Vesey-Neroni; nor had Mr. Slope yet been slapped. Admirers claim that "no more amusing chapters were ever written than the two describing Mrs. Proudie's reception." Almost equal praise has been given to the garden party of the Thornes of Ullathorne, who went back to the Druids but failed in their efforts to revive ancient sports.

"Doctor Thorne," written during a journey to Egypt and published in 1858, sold better than any other of Trollope's books. He attributed this to the plot, which was suggested by his brother on the only occasion of his receiving such assistance. Most readers, however, find their chief interest, as usual, in the characters,—the good, sensitive, and humorous doctor; his niece Mary, who had no money, and Miss Dunstable, who had a great fortune; the self-made Sir Roger Scatherd, and his opposites, Squire Gresham and his son Frank. Mary Thorne has been called the "most entrancing" of Trollope's women, "the loveliest of all his lovely heroines," and his "most complete creation of the normal English girl." More than one critic considers the novel which introduces her as "perpetually enthroned . . . at the proud apex of the pyramid of Trollope fiction."

"Framley Parsonage," published in 1861, ordered for the *Cornhill Magazine* when it was inaugurated, under Thackeray's editorship, was begun on six weeks' notice, because the editor had been dilatory with a novel of his own. It was Trollope's first serial story, the only one he wrote while working on another book, and the only one he began to publish, in the fashion of Dickens and Thackeray, before the conclusion was written. Its author summarized it characteristically: "An English clergyman, who should not be a bad man, but one led into temptation . . . the love of his sister for a young lord . . . my old friends Mrs. Proudie and the archdeacon . . . a girl refusing to marry the man she loved till the man's friends agreed . . . Lucy Robarts is perhaps the most natural English girl that I ever drew." The book was "received with greater favor than any I had written before or have written since." Trollope attributed this in part to the illustrations by Millais, but readers remember rather Mark Robarts's heart-searching, Lucy Robarts's kindness to Mrs. Crawley, Mrs. Proudie's interruption of a public lecture, Lady Lufton's triumph over the Duke, and Miss Dunstable's skilful handling of her false and true friends.

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While writing "Framley Parsonage," Trollope "became more closely than ever acquainted with the new shire which I had added to the English counties. I had it all in my mind,—its roads and railroads, its towns and parishes, its members of Parliament, and the different hunts which rode over it. I knew all the great lords and their castles, the squires and their parks, the rectors and their churches . . . I made a map of the dear county. . . . Throughout these stories there has been no name given to a fictitious site which does not represent to me a spot of which I knew all the accessories, as though I had lived and wandered there. . . . I have lived with my characters . . . I know the tone of the voice, and the color of the hair, every flame of the eye, and the very clothes they wear. Of each . . . I could assert whether he would have said these or other words . . . have smiled or . . . frowned. . . . I knew not only their present characters, but how these characters were to be affected by years and circumstances." The map referred to has been discovered recently and found to correspond closely with others made from the books.

Of "The Small House at Allington," published in 1864, Trollope wrote "I do not think that I have ever done better work. . . . In it appeared Lily Dale, one of the characters which readers of my novels have liked best . . . first engaged to a snob, who jilted her . . . she could not . . . make up her mind to be the wife of one whom, though she loved him, she did not altogether reverence. . . . The DeCourcy family are alive, as is also Sir Raffle Buffle," who was considered an exact likeness of a man that Trollope had never seen.

"The Last Chronicle of Barset" came out in monthly numbers in 1866 and 1867 and in book form in the latter year. "Taking it as a whole," said Trollope, "I regard this as the best novel I have written. I was never quite satisfied with the development of the plot, which consisted in the loss of a cheque, of a charge made against a clergyman for stealing it, and of absolute uncertainty on the part of the clergyman himself as to the manner in which the cheque had found its way into his hands. . . . But . . . the pride, the humility, the manliness, the weakness, the conscientious rectitude and bitter prejudices of Mr. Crawley were, I feel, true to nature and well described. . . . Mrs. Proudie at the palace is a real woman. . . . The archdeacon in his victory is very real. There is a true savor of English life all through the book . . . great was my delight in writing about Mrs. Proudie, so thorough was my knowledge of all the little shades of her character . . . she was a tyrant, a bully, a would-be priestess, a very vulgar woman . . . but at the same time she was conscientious, by no means a hypocrite, really believing in the brimstone which she threatened, and anxious to save the souls around her . . . as her tyranny increased so did the bitterness . . . of her repentance . . . till that bitterness killed her."

"The Last Chronicle of Barset" is a tremendous book of a third of a million words. It contains more than a hundred characters, most of them old acquaintances, and weaves together with vivid cumulative power Mr. Crawley's predicament, determination, and triumph; the archdeacon's disturbance and satisfaction concerning his son the major and his neighbor's foxes; the bishop's abasement and Mrs. Proudie's; the final pulverization of Adolphus Crosbie; Johnny Eames's new expedition, predicaments, progress, and enjoyment of Lady Julia DeGuest's favor; Lily Dale as O. M.; the warden's continued joy in the cathedral and his newer happiness in his latest granddaughter; the conspiracy of Lady Lufton and Mrs. Robarts; and the marital content of Dr. Thorne and Miss Dunstable. Were readers restricted to a single English novel, could there be a better choice than "The Last Chronicle of Barset"?

On returning to England at forty-five as a well-known novelist, Trollope wrote much for Thackeray's new *Cornhill Magazine* and for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, helped to establish the *Fortnightly Review*, was welcomed to literary circles and to the Garrick and the Athenæum, continued to hunt, rode in the park, played whist, and went much into society, where his heartiness made him popular. At fifty-two he resigned from the post-office, became editor of *St. Paul's Magazine*, an unsuccessful candidate for Parliament, and, after the death of Thackeray and Dickens, was recognized as England's leading novelist. All of which he distilled into fiction.

Meanwhile Trollope continued to be an indefatigable traveler, visiting and writing books about the West Indies, the United States and Canada, which he visited five times; Australia, which he visited twice; New Zealand, South Africa, and Iceland. He made many minor journeys to the continent, Egypt, and Palestine, and thus came to know and interpret a much wider world than any other English novelist. One definition of felicity is "a hammock and gallons of Trollope"; fortunately the supply equals almost any demand.

The romantic eighteen-eighties and-nineties, however, grew weary of Trollope's vigorous and solid sanity. The publication of the "Autobiography" confirmed their disesteem. Its doctrines that an author should be modest, should provide instruction and teach wholesome lessons as well as please; that care, industry, and regularity are essential for worthy production—these were heresy against the contemporary orthodoxy of uncontrolled self-exploitation. The revelations that Trollope, like his mother, rose early and did his day's writing before breakfast, held himself to definite schedules of production, and began a new novel as soon as its predecessor was finished; that he believed a writer should consider remuneration as much as any other craftsman, and was sufficiently interested in money to record and reveal his earnings from each book—all of these things were horrid to the esthetes and their vociferations injured Trollope's popularity for a time.

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Trollope was much pleased at the reprint of the Barsetshire novels during his lifetime, in 1878. It is safe to assume that he would be delighted by the present reprint of that edition. It is true that the very wide margins occupy more than half of the page, thus seeming to crowd the print, an effect that is confirmed by the almost bold-faced type. This appears to be English Monotype Garamond twelve-point, set without leads between the lines and very little space between the words, the whole producing a blackness which suggests a period much earlier than that of Trollope. The pages, however, are readable, the soft, creamy paper is agreeable, and the volumes are pleasant to hold. The brown photogravure reproductions from photographs of places and buildings By Charles S. Olcott, which replace the remarkable illustrations of the first editions, are attractive, although, except in the volume devoted to the "Autobiography," it might have been sufficient to provide each volume with a single illustration. Every reader will be grateful for the index to the autobiography and the list and location of the characters in the Barset novels, by Mary Leslie Irwin, the author of "Anthony Trollope, a Bibliography" (1926). Mr. Sadleir has written so much and so well concerning Trollope, including his dispensable "Trollope, a Bibliography" (1928), that it is surprising to find his introduction to this new edition so freshly forcible an exposition of his author's instinct for dramatic construction, his "amazing sense for social likelihood," the reality of his illusion, the extent to which his flowing style is due to the art

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that conceals art, and the ways in which Jane Austen's cabinet pictures are excelled by Trollope's immense fresco. In short, the edition being worthy of Trollope, it is to be hoped that it will be extended by other volumes, including at least the Parliamentary Series.

For, in spite of Trollope's belief that most of his books would never be reprinted and that only one or two might live for a quarter of a century, he is of the ages. Fifty years after the Chronicles of Barsetshire were completed an anonymous author, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August, 1919, was able to picture vividly what its chief characters were doing during the great war. It was Lord Bryce's opinion that Trollope's readers "will gather from his pages better than from any others an impression of what every-day life was like in England in the 'middle Victorian' period." Hawthorne held that "human nature would give them success anywhere." Mr. Sadleir concludes, similarly, that they "can be read by posterity and relished as offering recognizable portraits of human beings—of just such human beings as are known to the reader whatsoever his date and clime."

The Dangerous Age

THE PARTY DRESS. By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER. New York: Alfred Knopf. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THE party dress which takes the title rôle in Mr. Hergesheimer's new novel is somewhat analogous to the doll in "Cytherea." The doll was called by one of the names of Aphrodite; the dress is by Ishtarre of Paris, and in one of the conversations Ishtar is introduced to any readers who do not know her. The dress, put on by Nina Henry at the age of forty, clothes her with a sudden access of desirability and self-consciousness. She begins to realize that she does not love her prosperous, fat, conventional husband, and that her hard, emancipated children do not love her. She falls in love with a stranger who has lived in Cuba and has brought back recipes for drinks and unconventional ideas.

A good deal of the book is made up of recipes for drinks and unconventional ideas. It belongs to what may be called the school of Sophistication Made Easy, or First Steps to Aldous Huxley. There are many conversations in the manner of "Antic Hay" or "Point Counterpoint," but while Mr. Huxley's ideas are as painfully penetrating as a thorn in the flesh, Mr. Hergesheimer's are only pleasantly piquant. To read that games in America are overdone, or that women were originally intended to bear twenty children or so, but now their femininity should be diverted to other ends, or that the Greeks were originally barbarians with much to learn from Egypt, when these ideas are skilfully developed and beautifully expressed, gives one an enjoyable sense of being intellectual and advanced, without any of the alarming tremors Mr. Huxley produces in the ground under one's feet.

Moreover, whereas in many novels of sophistication the author takes the upper-class setting for granted, and concentrates upon its futility, in "The Party Dress" the fact that one is among the best people is flatteringly insisted upon. The characters use the very best bath-salts; they drink, in some detail, the exactly right drinks. The reader is given the advantage of all the great *savoir vivre* of the author of "From an Old House"; while, with the returned Cuban consul, he enjoys looking down on the country-club set as silly sheep, he can vicariously enjoy their life as well. The book may be confidently recommended to the overwhelmingly large majority who want to eat their cake and have it too.

"The Party Dress," as any one who has ever read a paragraph of Mr. Hergesheimer will expect, is far better written than most novels, in a style that is in itself a pleasure. The ideas, though not profound, are interesting. The setting is masterly. The book is eminently readable. But it is a long way below "The Three Black Pennys" and "Java Head."

A book entitled "Thomas Edward Brown," says the *London Times*, will be published shortly by the Cambridge University Press to celebrate the centenary of that poet's birth, which occurs on May 5. This will be published on behalf of the Isle of Man Centenary Committee, and contributors will include Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, Sir Hall Caine, Sir Claude Hill, K. C. S. I. E., and the Attorney-General of the Island.

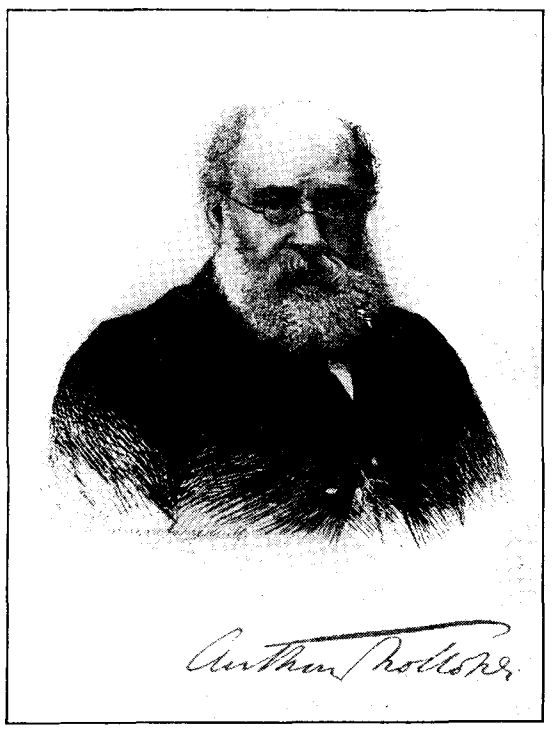
Pope Defended

ALEXANDER POPE. By EDITH SITWELL. New York: The Cosmopolitan Book Corp. 1930. $4.

Reviewed by LEE WILSON DODD

FEW statements by a mere man could be more dangerous nowadays, yet I am constrained beyond prudence to say that Edith Sitwell's book on Alexander Pope is one of the most delightfully feminine compositions I have ever read. Miss Sitwell has written not so much a life of Pope, or an extended critical study of the poetry of Pope, as a eulogy of Pope, the man and the writer—a glowing, high-hearted, lovingly prejudiced, and perhaps somewhat unscrupulous defense of him against all his enemies, past, present, or to come. And by doing so, she has, I believe, performed a true service to English letters; for Pope has long needed a convinced and passionate advocate. Byron was his last *à l'outrance* defender; and for a long hundred years Pope's literary and personal reputation has been depressed absurdly below the level of his worth. It was time for a dramatic reaction. Authentic literary genius is too rare a thing to be permanently slighted. Fashions in writing change and will always change; yet a great writer, a supreme artist, is free. Let others abide our question. The author of "An Elegy To the Memory Of An Unfortunate Lady," and of the concluding lines of "The Dunciad," has as little to fear from the great Anarch as any remembered name in literature.

Miss Sitwell, however, is not content that Mr. Pope should again be acknowledged as one of the first flight of English poets. She will have it also



ANTHONY TROLLOPE

that he was a truly noble character, one of the best and most maligned of men. And certainly he was, and has been, much maligned; and Miss Sitwell has wrought valiantly to clear from his reputation much unnecessary slander. Yet there are gradations to be observed. It is one thing to prove, as she does triumphantly prove, that Pope was not a maliciously mean-spirited and revengeful hobgoblin; it is another to attempt to prove that he came very near to being a saint. Pope was a faultless son, and could be a staunch friend; there was much selfless love in that small, twisted, suffering body. His faults, real ones, were due to an extreme poetic sensitiveness, exasperated by his physical weakness and defects, and to the attempted compensations of an almost pathological vanity. Beyond this sickly vanity, Pope had the perfectly proper pride of a superior mind; he was necessarily aware that in sheer artistic power he outtopped his contemporaries; yet this better pride did not sufficiently sustain him, and he could stoop very low in his desire to conquer immediate worldly advantages and admiration. That he could be false and circuitous, even Miss Sitwell is constrained to admit, though only a ferocious cynic could find it amusing when she writes:

> His principal fault was that he suffered from a constitutional inhibition against speaking the truth, save on those occasions when, if we except the esthetic point of view, the truth would have been better left unspoken. But I have so often found both these faults in myself, that I do not dare to blame them. . . . I do not deny that he was occasionally tortuous in his dealings, nor can it be denied that he was capable of suppressing or altering passages in his letters which might not exhibit him in the light in which he wished to appear. The truth is, that Pope had a longing to be regarded not only as a great poet, but as a great and good man, and really I do not know that it is a very unworthy wish.

As a bit of special, strictly feminine, pleading I find these yearning, all but motherly, words anything but amusing; they are almost sublime.

It is not surprising, then, that the foes of Pope are the foes of Miss Sitwell. Mr. Alexander Pope, the fine and sensitive poet, may justly have hated Mr. John Dennis, the coarse and disappointed critic; Miss Sitwell's hatred of Mr. Dennis is volcanic. He is "the vile and unspeakably disgraced Dennis, who lives, now, only in the poetry of the man to whose mind and heart he did so appalling and irrevocable an injury." As for Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, she is "a dilapidated macaw, with a hard piercing laugh, mirthless and joyless, with a few undescriptive, unimaginative phrases, with a parrot's powers of observation, and a parrot's hard and poisonous bite." And even Matthew Arnold—who had the misfortune to be a school-inspector, and who was not indeed at his happiest in dealing with the genius of Pope—must come in for a thorough snubbing: "Such Aberdeen-granite tombs and monuments as Matthew Arnold!" I do not say that these vivacities are wholly undeserved: I note, merely, that your tigress is a dangerous female when she is protecting a cherished cub.

Miss Sitwell's adoration of Pope, as a lovable, suffering, and maligned man, and a supreme master of the English heroic couplet, is well-nigh boundless; but there is another aspect of Pope's total genius which is antipathetic to her and which she very skilfully, if a little "tortuously," ignores. She would have him virtuous in fact, the sincerely "great and good man" he longed to be and, no doubt, for the most part was; nor does she anywhere object to his artistic castigation of folly and wickedness in others; but Miss Sitwell is herself a distinguished poet of the "modernist" wing, of that severe school which believes that there is a thing-in-itself named Poetry, a pure esthetic essence or quintessence that is Poetry and nothing but Poetry, and this being true one could hardly expect her to tolerate the didactic or any attempt at philosophizing in the sacred medium of verse. She is very caustic, in her Introduction, when she comments upon what she has dubbed "the Jaeger School of Poetry, the school advocating health at all costs." And she continues: "it has become the fashion for a poet not to be regarded as a poet unless he attempts to cure human ills, to comfort the dying world, unless he preaches sermons, or becomes a photographer, telling human nature to look pleasant. . . . In short, the poet must not be a poet, he must be some sort of moral quack doctor."

All very well! Only, it so happens, that Pope, among his other titles to fame, is in much of his work the greatest didactic rhymer, the most sententious and persistent "moral quack doctor" in the English language! And one might naturally suppose that Miss Sitwell, if she cared for consistency, would now and then find it a little awkward to deal with this. Not so. She calls Pope "the purest of our artists, the man who, in his two greatest poems at least, would not be decoyed from his path by any will-o'-the-wisp of Science, interest in human nature, the wish to reform, or other poetry-wrecking influences. . . ."

"In his two greatest poems at least!" How she slips in and glides swiftly by that dangerous qualifying phrase! By his two greatest poems, I understand her to mean "The Rape Of The Lock" and "The Dunciad." I understand her *not* to mean "An Essay On Man." I understand her *not* to mean "Moral Essays, In Four Epistles To Several Persons." "An Essay On Man" is mentioned, yet barely mentioned, in this singular volume; the "Moral Essays" are not even listed in the Index. Miss Sitwell, in brief, has purged her hero's works of all *impure* (ethically impure) elements (such as "any will-o'-the-wisp of Science, interest in human nature, the wish to reform, or other poetry-wrecking influences") by the rather simple device of ignoring them. It is a little as if one were to eulogize William Blake as a *pure* art-for-art artist, while forgetting to mention his Prophetical Books: an interesting critical procedure, which, more widely applied, should lead to some astonishingly novel re-estimates of famous names.

Nevertheless, for the very reason that Miss Sitwell's interests are so *purely* esthetic, her final chapter, "Some Notes On Pope's Poetry," is the most original and valuable portion of her book. Her

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analyses of Pope's meticulous and triumphant craftsmanship within the close bounds of the couplet is searching and sensitive, and her discourse on "texture" in verse is in the highest degree rewarding. It should for ever be impossible after this for dull ears to complain of the "monotony" of Pope's verse; to feel monotony among "the infinitely subtle variations and fluctuations of rhythm" in the couplets of Pope is not a reflection upon the master. And, finally, it is refreshing, it is a cause for deep gratitude, to find Miss Sitwell a champion for those great neglected masterpieces, the translations from Homer. "I am not qualified," she writes, "to judge of the translations from Homer as *translations*. May I not, therefore, be allowed to regard them, not as translations, but as evidences of Pope's great poetic genius? The translation of the Odyssey is bathed in the azure airs of beauty that come to us from an undying sea. *The lines and the heroes walk with the pomp and majesty of waves.*"

Ruskin a Bore?

THE SOLITARY WARRIOR. J. HOWARD WHITEHOUSE. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS
Author of "The Exquisite Tragedy"

RUSKIN suffers at present under the reputation of being a bore. Perhaps he owes this label to the fact that (as the "English Dictionary of National Biography" has it), "He was the author of eighty-five distinct works." Perhaps it was because towards the end of his life, his ideas sank away to monomania. For nothing seems clearer than that in his lifetime, above all face to face, he was not a bore. People liked him and were even dazzled by him.

The little girls who went to the village school in Coniston liked him but were not dazzled—"He is a foony man, is Mr. Rooskin, but he likes us to taak a good tea!"

Good contemporary judges (in the great days it must be remembered when Gladstone and Disræli made the House of Commons echo) declared Ruskin to be the most eloquent man who ever stepped upon a platform, while the exquisite cadences of his voice, were everywhere hailed as magical.

Also Ruskin, from time to time, wrote some of the best invective that enlivened the nineteenth century—the age *par excellence* of the personal insult. His abuse of Whistler, is an example. But political abuse came naturally to him too. Here is a piece of it taken at random. (He was horrified at an England growing rich by the sale of armaments during the Franco-Prussian War.)

> There is no physical crime at this day, so far beyond pardon—so without parallel in its untempered guilt, as the making of war-machinery and the invention of mischievous substance. Two nations may go mad, and fight like harlots—God have mercy on them—you, who hand them carving knives off the table, for leave to pick up a dropped sixpence, what mercy is there for you?

Such a paragraph may be annoying; it is not boring. Again, take another aspect of his writing. Marcel Proust hailed him as one of the world's greatest verbal portrayers of visual beauty. Even in his weaker passages he has a sweet lucidity of style, and a sweet, if foolish, lucidity of thought, that are generally rather charming. Mr. Whitehouse, in the present volume for instance, quotes a letter of Ruskin's in which a typical passage occurs.

> I had been all the morning in the Venetian gallery looking at Victor Carpaccio's history of St. Ursula, in which every figure—and there are hundreds—is refined in feature and beautiful in dress, with a purity as perfect, though as various as wild flowers. There are old and young—kings and poor laborers, saints and rough soldiers, but they are all different only as violets and ivy, or roses and meadow grass, all lovely, and human, and pure.

Or again:

> I am resolved to get as many as I can of my friends to help me in forming in different places (for instance my own place in the Rhone valley), a society under the stern yet pleasant law of poverty—having beautiful—but simple—*costume* dresses for its peasantry—thoroughly good food—thorough *sound* everything, and a currency of its own with bread for a basis instead of gold.

These are typical. He could write better and worse. But he had another style. In "Praeterita," and in many of his later books, he gave a strange cadence to English prose, something broken—a little like Katherine Mansfield or Virginia Woolf's work, or Sterne at his best,—which afterwards merged into a passage as cadenced as a chime of silver bells.

Why then with such accomplishments should Ruskin be labeled a bore? And is the verdict just or unjust?

Perhaps we can trace his present unfortunate classification to three sources.

First we must admit that his indecision of mind did in fact often lead him into boringness. In politics, for instance, he was always, "letting I dare not wait upon I will, like the poor cat i' the adage." This made him prolix. In some of his books we see that he is really excusing himself for his own Hamlet-like lack of action, and for his deliberate or "green" choice of unsuitable action.

The second reason why he is now condemned is what we now feel as his psychological superficiality. His exquisite powers as an observer of fact led him to see a great deal that his contemporaries missed, and to beat round a quantity of problems whose key modern psychology has put into the hands even of his least intelligent modern readers.

But the third is, in the present writer's opinion, the most definite of all. In the main he is now so considered because of the tireless work of his admiring friends. Take Mr. Whitehouse's present volume. "The Solitary Warrior" serves as a fine example of the misguided hero-worship to which, all his life, poor Ruskin was subjected. The entire make-up of the book is symptomatic of the tone of portentous triviality which was adopted towards him. For example here is the entire contents of page 98 of "The Solitary Warrior."

> Denmark Hill, S.
> 28th Dec., '67 (1867)
>
> Dear Mrs. Scott,
>
> I have been doing and enduring much since I got Susan's letter. I am soon coming to see you now and am so very glad you are going to be in town some time.
>
> Ever affectionately yours,
> J. RUSKIN.

Could any reputation stand such treatment! Mr. Whitehouse's own inadequate biographical notes are printed in the same way. Here is the entire contents of page 95, which is moreover faced by a blank page.

> 1867.
>
> The summer was spent in the Lake District. For the rest of the year Ruskin was mainly in London.

Having recently spent two years in writing a biography of Ruskin, the present writer knows his history fairly well, but even thus unfairly armed, it is difficult to follow the context of these letters. For the general reader, the task will be puzzling and unrewarding. Mr. Whitehouse explains nothing, and fails entirely to give substance to these slight memorials. The book is indeed abominally pompous in form, the biographical notes insufficient, the letters for the most part trivial. Only the merest trickle of Ruskin's charm leaks through.

What a pity! For there are still in existence a number of unpublished Ruskin letters, some of which the present writer has been privileged to read. There are letters which throw light on some of the obscurer phases in Ruskin's odd spiritual and practical evolution—letters about the breaking off of his marriage, and letters about his last love, Rose. But when, some day, these letters are issued, will not the public, having risked its three dollars odd on the "Solitary Warrior," be chary of once more taking a chance? Will not the interesting letters, when they are available, remain unread? Finally will not Ruskin go unjustly down the ages with a dunce's cap on his head, to the grievous loss of the young of each epoch who might otherwise greatly have enjoyed his violence, his sensibility and the splendor of his language?

The Power of Love

CARL AND ANNA. By LEONHARD FRANK. New York: Putnam's Sons. 1930. $2.

NOTHING is of greater interest technically than to see how an author makes an improbable story credible; and the interest is of course greater if the story is already familiar as a wild romance. Thus readers of the late William Archer's "The Old Drama and the New," remembering the ridicule he heaped on the Jacobean play "The Widow's Tears," because of its unbelievable subject, a disguised husband becoming the lover of his own wife, must have found a special delight in the Theatre Guild's production of "The Guardsman," being able to appreciate M. Molnar's skill.

Herr Frank shows a higher order of the same skill in "Carl and Anna." His story is at the beginning essentially the story of Rudel and the Lady of Tripoli; the story of love by report, which is so common throughout the Middle Ages, and which is apt to strike the modern reader as more absurd than anything in "Don Quixote." Modern authors have been shy of it; in "La Princesse Lointaine," it is only a romantic datum, like the story of the Three Caskets, which conditions the story, but is outside the story proper. Herr Frank has taken this theme, has made the hero not a medieval troubadour but a German private soldier in the late war, has added a consummation more unlikely still, and has made the whole perfectly convincing.

The greater part of the secret lies in the initial situation, the solitude of two prisoners, alone together for four years in a vast Russian plain. As Richard, Anna's husband, talks about her during those four years, telling of the moles on her body, her ways of speech, everything about her, she is slowly built up as a presence, another human being beside themselves. "In a land of sand and ruin and gold," it was said of the first princess far away, "there shone one woman, and none but she." One could never altogether believe that of Tripoli; but Anna does indeed shine, and none but she, in the unpeopled steppe. Inevitably (did one ever think it improbable?) Carl falls in love with her. And more, having shared every experience that Richard has had with Anna, and having through the depth of his sympathy known her more deeply than Carl (as a man of genius may see more in a report or an old document than an unimaginative eye-witness), he comes to feel that he is in the deepest sense her husband.

That is a very daring and very delicate effect. It is difficult to convey in fewer words than the economical number that Herr Frank uses; but though it is never stated in so many words, it is unmistakable in reading the book. When Carl goes to Anna, armed with his love and knowledge of her, it is not the Iachimo's evidence of furnishings and moles that convinces her, but the strength of his own conviction. It is conveyed with great subtlety that Anna is never intellectually persuaded that Carl is Richard, but she is spiritually sure that Carl is her husband.

It is necessary to be so explicit, because so many people must have derived their impressions of "Carl and Anna" from the play or reports of it, and in the play nearly all of this is of necessity lost. Such speeches as could be given to the inarticulate *dramatis personæ* could never convey the almost mystical quality of the book. It is a pity that the American publisher has thought it well, because the book is as straightforward as "And Adam knew his wife," to allow the translator to append an assurance that it is clean; it would be a greater pity if any one were kept from reading it by the belief that it is a far-fetched tale of a deceived husband. "Carl and Anna" stands almost alone among modern books as the expression of a belief in the supernatural power of love.

We learn from *The London Observer* that John Murray announces the third and final series of "Queen Victoria's Letters" which will begin to appear in the autumn. Mr. G. E. Buckle will then have rendered a priceless service to students of the inmost springs of politics and of the working of the monarchy through the middle and the close of the nineteenth century. This third series is to survey the period when the old Queen died in the midst of the Boer War. By that time all the causes which led to the World War were clearly recognized by a few. The first volume, to be published next season, deals with the years 1886-1890.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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A Novel of Character

THE SELBYS. By ANNE GREEN. New York: E. P. Dutton Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

IN an age when morals and immorals are taken with the same relentless seriousness, when the "big" books of "big" authors rise like Civil War monuments on every side, and when "comedy of manners" means a novel with an Oxford accent . . . what can be said of such a book as "The Selbys?"

It will not solve any one of your more intimate domestic problems or Bring You to the Light. It will never be suppressed in Boston or bought by Hollywood. Its characters do not "live" like white mice in a laboratory—they are gorgeous and appealing creatures of colored paper, blown through an irresponsible world by an impish (but well-mannered) wind. They all talk at once, and in their talk the curling wave of eighteenth-century prose breaks precisely over the pebbles of modern slang. They have a weakness for masquerade parties, good meals, good manners, tart speech, superb gestures, and gayety. They have practically no sense of time and almost never worry about their digestions. They would have appealed to such dissimilar godmothers as Jane Austen and Daisy Ashford. They really have no business in our modern world at all.

Consider Mrs. Selby who "hated the American colony in Paris to a man or rather to an old lady." Both she and Mr. Selby belong to the great line. With the first sentence of her copious, unexpected conversation, trailing its subordinate clauses like banners in the breeze, she steps out of the book, sits down in the chair opposite, and with a vague but rather disapproving glance at the furniture, begins to make herself completely at home. And Mr. Selby is her perfect complement. I haven't met two people I liked so much in a book for a long time.

The plot is perfectly adequate and doesn't matter. Barbara Winship, polished to a solid if provincial luster by the Episcopal High School and Miss Pitzer's seminary, is shipped to Paris to be brought out in European society under the wing of the Selbys. She meets a number of extraordinarily interesting and amusing creatures, French and American, falls in love and out of it, refuses to be seduced because she won't be ordered about, and marries her Michel finally after a series of fantastic contretemps. Meanwhile she has gently conducted us through several phases of French, American, and Franco-American society, each one differentiated with the most accurate understanding—and wherever she goes, there is a sparkle in the air. It isn't another book about Americans in Paris. Anne Green has created her own world. And it isn't like any other cosmos in contemporary fiction. I don't mean that "The Selbys" is a masterpiece. But I doubt very much if the present publishing season will bring forth so thoroughly delightful and unusual a comedy. And those who pay attention to literary futures had better start turning their spyglasses in the general direction of Anne Greene.

"Friend Wife"

(*Continued from page* 1005)

"friend wife" sprang to the lips as a kind of rebuttal. If she was no longer a creature to be loved, at least (since she was a good sort) let her be a companion. A half a century more of this sort of thing and children would have become inexplicable.

But it was against nature. In the pre-Freudian days men endured this relationship with the women who treated them as domesticated males, because they did not realize what was plaguing them, and assigned to the weather, or free silver, or the plays of the new Mr. Shaw, what was really a sex complex, as yet unnamed. Freud changed all that, but he came too late. Friend wife and friend husband had become an American ideal, against whose insidious propaganda only the warmest natured or best mated were safe.

And so the novelists swarmed to the pollen. D. H. Lawrence built his reputation with it, Ludwig Lewisohn returns to it with every novel, the stage has worked out a hundred variations, and its spreadings, many of them so remote from the main cause as to be seldom identified, extend to cosmetics, fashions, personal magnetism, and all the other preventatives, the advertisements of which make possible the Great American Magazine.

The Dark Journey

By JULIAN GREEN

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

FROM the elevated position where she sat Madame Londe dominated the long narrow dining-room. Though it was nearly seven o'clock the room was empty. With burning eyes she watched the clock. Would the long hand never reach the twelve mark? Would seven never come? She shifted the little vase of flowers and the big black account-book, shifted them back again. The agony of waiting was almost unbearable. Drops of sweat gathered on her forehead and trickled slowly down her nose, where they shone like glass. Terror darkened her eyes and gave them a wild desperate look which would have aroused compassion in a heart of stone.

As a kind of cruel jest, nature had made this woman the keeper of a restaurant, but had not endowed her with the faculties of a cook. The only gift that had been bestowed on Madame Londe was that of being able to concoct soup, one single soup, *petite marmite*. She knew that other forms of food existed, meats, vegetables, ragouts, whatnot, but she could never accomplish the cookery of any of them. Thus it was that fate mocked her, for, if she had not been able to make her single soup, she might have been happy as a seamstress or laundress; whereas with this fatal talent she was doomed to her restaurant, and equally doomed to ignominious failure. A demoniac voice was always booming in her ear: "Soup! Soup! You can, you must make soup!" For her life, she had to make soup, she had to make her patrons eat soup and nothing but soup and like it.

Crouched motionless as an animal about to spring, one burning hand gripping the little flower-vase, the other clenched about the black book, her tense gaze fixed upon the front-door, she waited. That last cruel moment of suspense had all the bitterness of despair.

Suddenly she sprang to her feet. She stood gasping for breath, staring at the door. She saw it open slowly. Someone was coming in! Would it be? Could it be? It was—the first of her customers, Monsieur Tonsiline, the corn-chandler! "Gregoire!" she cried with the voice of one crucified, "Bring in the soup!" Then with a low moan, as of one who could not bear in silence the exquisite poignancy of intense physical pleasure, she sank back in her seat. With the triumphant gesture of a chess-player, who by moving a piece checkmates his opponent, she shifted the flower-vase a little more to the right.

The customers began to arrive in a continuous stream. Monsieur Marmoset first, whose bloodless face was crisscrossed with premature wrinkles. His mouth, much too small, had practically no lips, his pale blue eyes were nervous, but all the moral hideousness of the man was embodied in his nose, a bird-like beak, the only part of his wretched face which had any blood in it. Then came Monsieur Crept, a stout pasty-faced youth with cheeks as colorless and clammy as mutton tallow. After him came Monsieur Blondine, his black curly hair hanging down over his forehead and relapsing into whiskers on the blotchy cheeks of a face so fat that its skin was stretched until it shone. Monsieur Limousine followed and Monsieur Parisite and Monsieur Pantasote and the rest, all equally as hideous as their predecessors, a parliament of idiots.

With much scraping of chairs the ten or twelve people who had come in took their places. Two waiters in white aprons went round dispensing soup. The deep persistent sound of the *petite marmite* gurgling in their gullets filled the room.

Madame Londe's heart swelled. This was the moment for which she lived, to see those backs bent and those heads bowed before her and over her soup. She half closed her eyes better to enjoy the sound of the inundation. With a fierce and ever-increasing joy, as a musician picking out the different instruments in a symphony, she distinguished the gobbling of Monsieur Parisite from the snuffling of Monsieur Crept, the snorting inhalation of Monsieur Marmoset from the sibilant suction of Monsieur Tonsiline. Ah! How insignificant now appeared the agonies of her waiting for this concert of these artists!

Suddenly the sound changed. It was no longer liquid. It was instead harsh, cacophonous, as of the scraping of metal on stone, of spoons on plate-bottoms. She opened her eyes and saw Monsieur Pantasote, his head raised, staring at her over his empty plate through the lenses of his pince-nez fogged with the steam of soup, saw the rest relaxing their grasp on their now useless spoons. She started upright, clasped the little flower vase in one hand, the black account-book in the other. In a voice that rang like the trumpet of Gabriel, in the ears of the doomed men, she cried "Gregoire! Anatol! Soup more soup!"

"Hurry!" she called to them. "My God! can't you see that Monsieur Limousine is trying to eat the bread?" Monsieur Limousine, with the despairing eyes of a hunted animal, looked his appeal for solid food. Monsieur Gorges half rose from his chair, his face contorted with horror. Monsieur Crept clasped his hands in abject supplication. Monsieur Tonsiline wept audibly. Monsieur Blondine in a whisper besought her. "Cutlets! Cutlets!" All eyes were fixed on the implacable face of Madame Londe.

She summoned all her strength. Her terrible countenance expressed a fierce and ever-increasing determination to cow, to dominate, to defeat these miserable wretches. She stood for a moment immobile, except that her hands shifted the flower-vase and the account-book back and forth, to right and left interchangeably, with the rapidity of lightning flashes. Then her voice, hoarse with her dreadful purpose, broke out like the roar of a lion, "Gregoire! Anatol! Soup! More soup for everybody!"

They came with brimming plates. Monsieur Marmoset's haggard eyes looked to Monsieur Parisite for support. Monsieur Tonsiline looked to Monsieur Pantasote. For one dreadful instant Madame Londe saw that her fate hung in the balance. Would these wretches revolt? Would they upset the plates and so overthrow the dynasty of Londe at the very peak and pinnacle of its power? It was a moment charged with the possibility of the most dreadful consequences. She heard the crackling of its tensity. But Monsieur Parisite, his checks flaccid with fear, drooped his head. Monsieur Pantasote, white as the belly of a fish, let fall a tear that fell with an ear-splitting splash in the fatal soup. It was the signal of defeat. Every sign of resistance faded into the nothingness of craven submission. With one accord they took up their spoons. Madame Londe had won.

In a solemn silence, broken only by the surrant sound of the unwanted soup indrawn by reluctant mouths and by the half-suppressed sobs of her slaves, Madame Londe surveyed the scene before her. As she contemplated the spectacle of her triumph, her heart swelled and her nostrils dilated with joy. She was hardly aware of the passage of time, so little aware that she was shocked to hear again the scrape of metal on crockery, followed by the hideous clangor of useless spoons falling from nerveless hands into empty plates. Then she knew that, though she had won the first skirmish, the real battle was at hand.

Rising to her full height, she shouted the war-cry, "Gregoire! Anatol! *A moi garçons!* Soup! More soup! A third, a fourth, a fifth plate! Soup! Nothing but soup!" Seizing the flower-vase and the black account-book she began to juggle them like a mountebank at a fair. The vase and book flew through the air with incredible swiftness in the most complicated movements. Gregoire, pausing in his distribution of the fresh plates of soup, handed one to her. She tossed it into the maze of flying objects. Another. She added that. A third. The air was full of vases, books, plates of soup. Bewildered by this exhibition of her artistry, the wretched men at the table sat spellbound. Some of them even took up in listless hands the abhorred spoons. This Circe seemed about to accomplish her dread purpose of turning her victims into soupomaniacs. Then the dreadful thing happened.

At the apex of its flight one of her plates of soup twisted sideways and emptied its contents on her head. Submerged in soup, her eyes lost sight of the descending objects, they eluded her grasping hands and fell with a deafening crash upon the floor. The spell was broken. With a howl of rage, the released men sprang to their feet. Monsieur Parisite yelling like a madman overthrew the table. Monsieur Pantasote, his yellow teeth bared like fangs, lifted a chair high overhead and smashed the clock. Monsieur Tonsiline, foaming at the mouth, hurled another chair through the window, shattering pane and sash. Monsieur Crept, uttering frenzied howls, seized plate after plate and threw

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them at Madame Londe. Monsieur Marmoset snatched up the tablecloth and, gaining the dais with a single bound, enveloped her in its folds. The wreckage was complete, everything in the room was smashed and over all surged a deluge of soup. Shouting their triumph the freed men swept out into the street.

Silence filled the room. But it did not matter to Madame Londe, lying there shrouded in the tablecloth, whether there was sound or stillness, whether there was soup or no soup. The world was fading away like an evil dream; all that remained of life was the consciousness of defeat. In the extreme confusion in which all earthly things appeared to this woman, the sound of dripping, trickling soup reached her faintly. Her eyes were already fixed on the vision of a land where there is no *petite marmite*, no *potage*, no *consommé*, no soup of any kind through eternity.

CHRISTOPHER WARD.

Nebular Poetry

NEW LEGENDS. By HERVEY ALLEN. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

MR. ALLEN'S new work is perplexing; disturbing in its shortcomings as well as in its accomplishments. This is his fourth book of poems and it is still uncertain whether the author's gift is along epic, narrative, atmospheric, or lyric lines. There is no trace here of a personal idiom, no distinct "tone of voice," no hint of native emotion or background. Mr. Allen himself shares this uncertainty, for in his prefatory Note, which includes a passing dig at "extreme sectionalism in literary propaganda," he writes, "There is no general theme that runs through this book, nor is any particular geographical locality, either sectional or national, peculiarly celebrated. The native home of poetry is the imagination of the poet."

Such a statement is an excellent anticipation of criticism as well as an apologia. But it is, with due regard for Mr. Allen's sincerity, specious. The native home of poetry is without doubt the imagination of the poet; but the poet, if his imagination has power, somehow limits, actually localizes, that vague realm. Mr. Allen, as a scrupulous biographer of Poe, might point to that poet's unknown, unknowable locale as an extension of his thesis. Yet, by the very quality of Poe's spirit, his dream-like intensity, his nightmare music, the misty mid-region is charted and recognizable—and distinct from any other terrain of the imagination. So with all once-unbounded territories, of which half a dozen recent boundary-makings come to mind. Such general and imaginative provinces as "north" of Boston, neo-Hellenic sea-gardens, the subterranean precincts of Forslin and Senlin, the waste land peopled by hollow echoes and hollow men, the metaphysical limbo between the worlds of angels and earthly creatures, are, for all their indistinct borders, the distinct and local habitations of Robert Frost, "H. D.," Conrad Aiken, T. S. Eliot, and Elinor Wylie. And, alas, though Mr. Allen has roamed from Xanadu to Zenith, there is not one acre he can call his own.

Not that Mr. Allen is without gifts. On the contrary, he has too many of them. He has in fact, all those a poet should have—except the gift of choice. "The Children by the Lake of Dreams" is a Persian fragment retold in fluent rhyme and with a typically Oriental, inconclusive conclusion. "Sarah Simon," introduced by a quotation from Bayard Taylor, is an Atlantean character set down in the modern Caribbeans. "Hadrian at Tivoli" is half-song, half-soliloquy, with the overtones of Stephen Phillips ghosting in the wings. "The Isle of Horses," in many ways the best achievement in the volume, reads like an idea of H. G. Wells versified by Tennyson in collaboration with Coleridge. . . .

So throughout "New Legends." One waits for Mr. Allen's own accents, hoping to distinguish his inflection among all the others. One waits in vain. Toward the end it promises to emerge, not in the sensuous post-Keatsian catalogue of the first poem, but out of the *vers de société* in the tradition of Oliver Wendell Holmes. But, except for a few sharp stanzas, the promise is not kept. And it is just as well. For Mr. Allen's future is certainly not that of a writer of light verse. What his future will be depends wholly on the power to concentrate and solidify his mass of bright but loose material. Before he becomes a star of magnitude, his heat—and his hypothesis—will have to be less nebular.

The BOWLING GREEN

John Mistletoe
VIII.

THE first things any Oxford freshman bought for himself—at any rate any American youngster who had the sense not to arrive with a lot of outlandish gear—were a corkscrew, tea-apparatus, and one of those china tobacco-jars with his college arms illuminated on it. Then he began to skirmish among the bookshops. Oh Paradise of booksellers—Blackwell, Gadney, Thornton, Parker, Slatter and Rose—and many many others, whose names for the moment I forget. And with these may I also mention the renowned Heffer of Cambridge? For I should like to make plain—what very likely no Oxonian has ever done before—that whatever one says in praise of Oxford is equally true of Cambridge also. They are two valves of one enormous genteel idea. Cambridge in many respects is luckier: less afflicted with cosmopolitanism and tourists; but they need no comparisons.

I remember Mistletoe telling me that he brought to Oxford no books whatever except the Bible and the Oxford Book of English Verse. So the shelves in his sitting-room looked bare enough. The first feature of Oxford bookshops that caught the economical and aspiring eye was the rich assortment and varying color scheme of Everyman's Library—a shilling a volume in that happy time. Everyman attained a considerable footage in his bookcase before his time was up; but two of the very first that he bought were *Tom Jones* and a selection from Hazlitt. *Tom Jones* because he had first read it (with delightful scandalized tremors) as a freshman at Haverford; and Hazlitt, I think, because a set of Hazlitt's Collected Works was specially prominent in the New College library.

* * *

Of course it was Stevenson, the passion of his boyhood, who sent him to Hazlitt. Everyone knows the famous "We are mighty fine fellows nowadays but we cannot write like William Hazlitt." Quoting which, Henley asserted that Stevenson "said no more than the truth;" but I feel that Henley was for the moment more anxious to score against R. L. S. than to honor W. H.— He might with greater generosity have said, as he so finely did of Lamb's tribute to Hazlitt, "Thus does one royalty celebrate the kingship and enrich the immortality of another." For surely Stevenson's bonny outburst (in the paper *Walking Tours*) has done much to keep Hazlitt alive. Why did not R. L. S. (or anyone else, so far as I remember) in remarking Hazlitt's "amorous precision" in the details of the bottle of sherry and the cold chicken on April 10, 1798, at the inn of Llangollen (which I hope you will pronounce correctly, but doubt it) realize that the date was Hazlitt's birthday? Hence, undoubtedly, the sherry, for he was generally an abstainer.

Mistletoe's memories of the library at New College—a surprisingly unimpressive thesaurus and not much frequented—always associate with that set of Hazlitt, a modern edition and apparently unread before. For Hazlitt, as for the other Mr. W. H. to whom certain Sonnets were dedicated, we may predict, within due limitation, the right kind of eternity. It would be folly to think that Child Mistletoe was then capable of justly relishing Hazlitt. We can appreciate nothing until we have a chance to measure it against our own powers and our own experience. It was not until years later, when he became a practising journalist himself, that he could get a notion of what sort of journalists were Hazlitt and De Quincey. It was not, for example, until he saw the Dempsey-Carpentier fight in Jersey City that he understood what Hazlitt had done in his account of Neate and the Gas-man's set-to a hundred years earlier. As an education in English literature, working four years on the old *Evening Post* was more valuable than any college course. It is idle to imagine that any college can teach you much about literature; but it can make you sensitive in those regions of the mind that are likely to bear the full impact of literature later on. What the secure young student is unlikely to realize is that writing is not always just a spontaneous flowering; it is also a way of earning a living, and often conducted under conditions of huge irony, farce or fatigue. I had a hearty grin the other day when I picked up a volume of Shakespeare edited by a famous scholar and found him naively observing that "*As You Like It* was in all probability produced under circumstances necessitating great haste on the part of the author." Few plays were ever prepared otherwise.

* * *

Whatever voice or instinct pitched him on Hazlitt, it was a sound one. Smatterer then as now, he only dabbled in that great set of books but he got the feeling of the man. The *Liber Amoris* happily was beyond the scope of undergraduate sensibility; and even to savor the full humor of an essay like *On the Want of Money* requires some various experience in worldly pinches. How exquisite is the comment "of all people, I cannot tell how it is, but players appear to me the best able to do without money." Perhaps Mistletoe was interested in the fact that Hazlitt—like Burns and Shelley—so nearly became an American author; though W. H's child years in this country did not give him any special affection for it. Of America he wrote at eight years old "It would have been a great deal better if the white people had not found it out. Let the others have it to themselves." But who that has ever seen it even in photograph can forget the beautiful child-portrait of him done by his older brother: the long inquisitive nose, the anxious eyes, the sensitive uncertain lips. You understand then something of the boy of nineteen who was glorified by meeting Coleridge—

> My soul has indeed remained in its original bondage, dark, obscure, with longings infinite and unsatisfied; my heart, shut up in the prison-house of this rude clay, has never found, nor will it ever find, a heart to speak to; but that my understanding also did not remain dumb and brutish, or at length found a language to express itself, I owe to Coleridge.

If you have read that beautiful essay—"My First Acquaintance With Poets"—you will remember that Hazlitt wishes someone would write a sonnet To the Road between Wem and Shrewsbury, where he walked ten miles in January mud to have his first sight of Coleridge. Similarly does De Quincey describe how, after his own youthful encounter with Coleridge some years later, he was too excited to wish for sleep, and walked all night long from Bridgewater to Bristol. Forty miles, he says it was. The Opium Eater knew how to tell a good story, but there is plenty of testimony that they had legs in those days.

"The road between Wem and Shrewsbury . . ." it is such allusions that stir me. For, now that I remember it, even before buying a single book the young collegian bought a bicycle, and on some thousands of miles of country roads learned something of that sense of place which is so vivid in English literature. If I love a book I hanker to see the house where it was written, or the roads and villages it mentions. Hence the joy of that "amorous precision" of Hazlitt's. Remember too that the years 1910-13 were the last of the old wayfaring world. Motors had not driven the quiet cyclist from the main highways, and modest inns were not hard to find. I believe that the Bicycling Era touched the high peak of human felicity. Perhaps if I could live it all over again I should ask to begin with that breakfast at 8 Banbury Road, on July 16, 1911, the day Mifflin McGill and I set out to bike from Oxford to Edinburgh. In an old black note book remaining from that journey I see it said of the 2-mile coast into a town called Glossop, "we sang, shouted and laughed all the way down." I approve of that.

A sense of place, a sense of the reality of the past, these were two of Oxford's special gifts. A lover of literature, sitting down with a large-scale map of any part of England, would be sure to find some village or other he would have a special reason for wanting to see. I remember one day, poring idly over a chart of Hertfordshire, a magic name swam into my ken. Only a country farmhouse, but there was no mistaking its identity. There, among such hamlets as Hatching Green, Bowling Alley, Custard-wood and Claggybottom, were the magic words Mackery End. Yes, "Mackery in Hertfordshire," as in Elia. To get on a bicycle and go there was the simplest thing in the world; not less shy than Elia himself the boy did not intrude where so much explanation would have been needed, but sat in a haystack just outside the farmyard, ate the sandwiches he had brought with him, and memorized the old house with an eye that can see it still.

(*To be continued*)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Invaluable History

THE PAGEANT OF AMERICA. Edited by RALPH H. GABRIEL. Volume II: The Lure of the Frontier, by RALPH H. GABRIEL. Volume XIV.: The American Stage, by O. S. COAD and EDWIN MIMS, JR. Volume XV: Annals of American Sport, by JOHN A. KROUT. New Haven: The Yale University Press. 1930.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

These three volumes, which complete the "Pageant," are all valuable, but each valuable in a special way. The history of the frontier has been written in a whole library of works, and it is not difficult to find hundreds of pictures and maps on the subject; Mr. Gabriel's service has been to bring an excellent selection from this wealth of illustrative material within one book. The history of the stage in America has also been written in a good deal of detail, but comparatively few pictures dealing with it have ever been published. They exist in museums, scrapbooks, newspapers, and such collections as the Harvard Theatre Collection, the Davis Collection, and the Gottschalk Collection rather than in printed volumes. Hence Mr. Coad and Mr. Mims, with their 350 pages of pictures, have produced a unique work from very widely scattered materials. As for Mr. Krout and his volume on the "Annals of American Sport," he has entered what was almost a virgin field. No real attempt at a comprehensive treatise on the history of our sports has ever been made, and while in the other two volumes the text is of distinctly secondary interest, in his it is quite equal in value to his remarkable collection of sports pictures.

Mr. Gabriel had a dismayingly large subject with which to deal. He sensibly went a century further back for the beginning of his frontier than did Professor Paxson, and begins with Abraham Wood's exploration of the Blue Ridge country in 1750, while he ends with the present-day frontier of Alaska. He had to treat in succession the penetration and conquest of the Cherokee country, the Ohio Valley, the Northwest, the Southwest, the Mississippi Valley, the Missouri Valley, the Oregon Valley, the Great Basin, and all the rest. A good deal of this requires the information of the historical specialist. The author has quite frankly touched only the high spots, and he has been quite frank also in borrowing largely from other writers—not always the latest or best. There are a number of inaccuracies — he credits Frémont with climbing the highest peak in the Rockies, his account of the Great Emigration to Oregon in 1843 is curiously inadequate and confused, and at numerous points he writes like an amateur; while his proportion is very faulty—he gives David Thompson, for example, who travelled 50,000 miles, only one fleeting mention. But he has chosen his pictures with excellent judgment, and they constitute an array of exceptional interest. Prints of old forts, portraits of old-time frontier leaders, the drawings of George Catlin, Seth Eastman, and Charles Bodmer, and old lithographs of natural scenery and maps drawn by early explorers, are supplemented by new maps and charts made especially for this work. Gregor Noetzel's careful studies of the changes in the frontier-line from decade to decade are especially notable.

Everyone is interested in the frontier; the enthusiasts of theatrical history and sporting history are probably two very select bands. Yet everybody who took an interest in the revivals of "Fashion" and "After Dark," who has heard of Ned Forrest, Edwin Booth, and Joe Jefferson, and who has a curiosity to see how Charlotte Cushman and Mme. Modjeska looked in their best parts, should be attracted to the volume on "The American Stage." And no one who opens it is likely to drop it until he has lost all count of the minutes. There is one almost inexplicable omission in a volume that comes down to 1929—not even a half page is given to the motion picture. But for the period from 1845 to 1905 (it was not until the advent of the daguerrotype that the lineaments and costumes of great players were properly preserved for later generations) the book is a mine of riches. The most eminent actors and actresses are properly kept in the foreground. Four pages are given to Edwin Booth, with pictures of his family, his Twenty-third Street theatre, his impersonations of Iago and Richelieu, his tombstone, and a striking daguerrotype of him as a dark-eyed lad standing beside his father, Junius Brutus Booth. Three pages go to Joe Jefferson, showing him as Caleb Plummer, as Bob Acres, as Dr. Pangloss, and of course as Rip Van Winkle. Players famous, well known, and barely known cross the pages in a long procession. In addition, there are pictures of nearly all the noted theatres and opera-houses of America down to 1900, portraits of all the well-known playwrights, and reproductions of scores of theatre programmes; as well as old pictures showing the difficulties encountered by those who carried the drama to the South and the Western frontier in early days.

But the greatest gap is that filled by Dr. Krout in his "Annals of American Sport." An initial difficulty was the fact that almost no organized sport, in the present sense of the term, existed until after the Civil War. For his early pages he has to fall back upon salmon-spearing, gander-pulls, and even skittles. Gouging-matches are mentioned, though it requires a good deal of license to regard either them or husking-bees as "sports." The first true sport was probably that furnished by the jockey clubs which appeared at the end of the eighteenth century. The earliest yachting club to live was the New York Yacht Club organized in 1844; prize-fighting seems to have begun with the arrival of James Sullivan from Australia in 1841. In 1845 the Knickerbocker Baseball Club was organized, and was soon playing matches in the New York district, while cricket flourished in the 'forties and international matches were played before great crowds in the following decade. After the Civil War baseball, football, cricket, croquet, tennis, archery, trap-shooting, and a long list of other sports were taken up, while in 1868 the New York Athletic Club was organized, and under the influence of the German *turnvereins* the gymnasium appeared in most large cities. Dr. Krout gives us pictures of many a famous match and of nearly all the great champions. He shows us a skating rink of 1875, a bicycle tournament of 1886, Dwight Davis playing tennis, Spalding's baseball party at the Sphinx in 1889, and international polo at Newport in 1886. The spirited text which accompanies these pictures is the only good short history of American sport now in existence.

Mr. Gabriel and his associates have carried to completion a laborious and highly useful enterprise. Valuable as these fifteen volumes are for the information they convey and the amusement they afford, they are still more valuable as a stimulus to the imagination. Doubtless thousands of readers in using them will for the first time realize that American history is indeed a mighty and many-colored pageant, the color and vitality of which can be but dimly reflected in mere prose. This series of volumes presents a very uneven record, with some aspects of American life disproportionately emphasized and some sadly neglected, but on the whole it admirably fills a genuine need.

A Sweeping History

ANCIENT PAINTING from the Earliest Times to the Period of Christian Art. By MARY HAMILTON SWINDLER. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1929. Text edition, $5; Library edition $10.

Reviewed by GEORGE H. CHASE
Harvard University

In these days of many books it is no small accomplishment to produce a work which may fairly be called unique. Yet this is what Professor Swindler has done, for its only rival, Girard's small handbook, "La Peinture Antique," does not cover so wide a field or pertain to anything like its fulness of treatment. In any case, in a field in which rapid progress has been made in recent years, a work which appeared in 1892, as Girard's did, is now hopelessly out of date.

The wide range covered by this monumental work can best be shown by a summary of the contents. After a brief chapter on the remarkable paintings of palæolithic men in the caves of Southern France and Northern Spain (which Miss Swindler, in common with most modern scholars, attributes to a desire to gain a "magical hold" over the animals depicted), the painting of Egypt and the Orient (Sumeria, Babylonia, the Hittites, Assyria, Persia) is considered at greater length, and Cretan and Ægean paintings are discussed with considerable fulness. Three long chapters then trace the development of painting in historic Greek times, down to the end of the fifth century, with special emphasis on the painted vases and the influence of Polygnotus and other artists mentioned by Greek and Latin writers. Etruscan and South Italian painting, which was closely dependent on the earlier developments in Greece, is next taken up; then the fourth century in Greece; then Hellenistic, Græco-Roman, Pompeiian, and Roman painting; and a concluding chapter is devoted to the technical methods and the pigments employed by ancient painters. Everywhere Miss Swindler is most careful in her documentation, so that the reader may readily run down the source of any statement. Even the sources of the illustrations are most carefully recorded—a great advantage to the student, which is too often neglected by writers on the history of art.

The comprehensiveness of the book is one of its greatest merits. Paintings from South Russia, Syria, Palmyra, and Cyrene, as well as better known examples which figure in earlier handbooks, are included, and recently discovered monuments are especially emphasized. Works of sculpture and architecture which throw light on the development of painting or help to suggest the settings of paintings are freely included. Especially commendable is the comparatively full account of the second and the third centuries after Christ, since many of the books on ancient art make no mention of work later than the destruction of Pompeii in 79 A.D. Excellent maps, on which the places mentioned in the text are plotted, add greatly to the clarity of the exposition.

It may fairly be suspected that the parts of the book which most interested Professor Swindler are the chapters on the Greek vases, the field in which her own most striking contributions to the study of ancient painting have been made. Indeed, in some instances it is to be feared that the author's command of the modern literature in this difficult field will make her writing somewhat obscure to the general reader. The inscription *Glaukytes kalos* appears on page 154, but no explanation of the meaning of *kalos*-names is given before page 177. The note on page 147: "Nikosthenes was probably the head of an *atelier*, and employed more than one painter. One of these is known as 'the Nikosthenes painter.' Epiktetos and Oltos also worked for him," is hardly sufficient to explain the references to "the Panaitios painter," "the Kleopharades painter," and others which occur on later pages but before the statement (page 177): "Not all vases, however, add the name of the painter. Many are signed merely with the Greek lettering meaning 'made.' We conclude, therefore, that in most cases this word represents the mark of the potter or of the factory, and we have been obliged to search for the painters by means of stylistic criteria." References to "the Age of Meidias" are found on page 178, but the "Meidias painter" is not mentioned before p. 189.

But these, after all, are minor faults of arrangement. The discussion of the cases and their relationship to larger works of painting shows everywhere a thorough acquaintance with the monuments and recent speculation about them. Specialists will be grateful for the attempt on pp. 191-194 to present in tabular form a chronology of some of the most important vase painters by decades from the middle of the sixth century to 400 B.C., and the general reader will find the table helpful for reference at many points. It is clear that the book will remain a standard work for many years.

Finally, the very low price is welcome, in a time when too many works on the fine arts are so obviously published for the "two hundred sure libraries." "Ancient Painting" may really be bought and enjoyed by those most fitted to appreciate it, not merely consulted as a reference work "not to be taken from the library."

The "Trailing Arbutus"

SARAH ORNE JEWETT. By FRANCIS OTTO MATTHIESSEN. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by HARRY HAYDEN CLARK
University of Wisconsin

In general, one may say that while modern biography has gained in vividness and novelistic charm, it has lost in critical insight and ethical penetration. There has been a tendency to elaborate the external details common to almost every life at the expense of attention to that all-important margin which distinguishes genius from mediocrity. Mr. F. O. Matthiessen's "Sarah Orne Jewett," a critical biography, is in itself a work of beauty, excelling in charm of style, sensitive appreciation, and the power of vivid portraiture. As a critical biography, however, its value is curtailed by the absence of precise, convincing documentation (the sources are "somewhere" in her work), and by a general vagueness and lack of penetration in dealing with individual stories and especially with Miss Jewett's "criticism of life."

Mr. Matthiessen paints Miss Jewett against the fading glory of the New England background, explaining that the quiet lives cheered by the memory of past renown furnished the subject material of this sympathetic daughter of a Maine physician, as well as its peculiar atmosphere. As Mr. C. M. Thompson once remarked, "the fit symbol of her delicate art" would be "a spray of trailing arbutus" peeping through snow and decayed leaves. Mr. Matthiessen accounts for the sweet fragrance of her art, her droll archness, her power, by her full and sympathetic knowledge of the inhabitants of The Country of the Pointed Firs, by the detachment which was the fruit of travel, by her style, and by her critical theory. "The trouble with most realism," she said, "is that it isn't seen from any point of view at all, and so the shadows fall in every direction and it fails of being art. . . ." She wished "Deephaven" might "help people to look at 'commonplace' lives from the outside, to see that there is so deep and true a sentiment and loyalty and tenderness and courtesy and patience where at first sight there is only roughness and coarseness and something to be ridiculed. . . . For myself, I like best to have the moral in the story—to make the *character* as apparent as I can, as one feels instinctively the character of the people one meets. I always feel when I say anything directly as if it were awkward and that if the story itself doesn't say it, it is no use to put it in afterward."

Of course Miss Jewett did not deal with ethical problems in the weighty way of the great masters; nevertheless, her literary theory, as expressed above, should have made her critic think twice before concluding that she "does not generally deal with the central facts of existence," that "without style Sarah Jewett's material would be too slight to attract a second glance." As one whose avowed aim was to body forth ethics —"grand simple lives"—in character, Miss Jewett invites criticism of unusual penetration. Lowell said that "nothing more pleasingly characteristic of rural life in New England has been written," and I think anyone who reads attentively such a typical story as "Marsh Rosemary" (which Mr. Matthiessen doesn't mention) will find a finely restrained ethical concern, a concern "with the central facts of existence," resembling that of the admirable art of Edith Wharton, E. A. Robinson, and Robert Frost, her natural peers. In this story a tender-hearted woman's love turns to hate when her husband is found living with another woman; but when, seeking revenge, she watches the happy family at supper and sees the other wife put a child, "a dear, live little thing," into the father's arms, all thought of ending the mother's sin and folly vanished. "She could not enter in and break another heart," and she returns to her lonely home in the darkness. "Such a shattering thunderbolt," we are told, "rarely falls into a human lot." Are there not "central facts" here, and aren't they worthy of study?

Let us be grateful, then, for an exquisite impressionistic essay; let us await a critical biography executed with scholarly precision and ethical penetration.

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Books of Special Interest

White Man's Negroes

AN ANTHOLOGY OF AMERICAN NEGRO LITERATURE. Edited by V. F. CALVERTON. New York: The Modern Library. 1930. 95 cents.

Reviewed by HARRY ALLAN POTAMKIN

THIS anthology of Negro writings is the work of a scrupulously sympathetic white man. It is the best of such anthologies and the most diversified, comprising the literature of the folk—spirituals, blues, labor songs—the writings of professionals—short story, novel, drama, poetry—essays by Negroes upon the culture, history, and economics of the American Negro, and lastly autobiography. Quite a complete picture of the Negro living, laboring, and creating in these domains, as painted by the Negro himself in the words of lowly and elect. Although the chief merit of Mr. Calverton's edition is that it "is representative above everything else," the selections are also frequently the most excellent of the works of American Negroes, the poems of Jean Toomer, for instance. It is satisfying to one who believes Toomer by far the best writer of Negro origin in America to find him included both as writer of stories and as poet. The Negro frequently forgets, in his praise of Toomer the story writer, the Toomer who has written the lovely songs of the South. I am sorry Mr. Calverton did not take advantage of the inclusion in Alain Locke's essay of one lyric by Toomer to present another by the same poet, that the reader might know a number of his songs. "Cane," in which these lyrics were first printed, is well-nigh impossible to find. (Why doesn't The Modern Library re-publish it?) Calverton might have practiced another economy. A poem by Gwendolyn Bennett appears thrice: in the introduction, in the collection, in Locke's essay. Miss Bennett's verses are much too schoolgirlish in complexion for such reiteration.

The introduction, The Growth of Negro Literature, is typical of V. F. Calverton's proclivity for relevant research, a first virtue toward a volume of this genre. It begins with the summit of African culture in the Sudan, and leads immediately into the American Negro's experience as creator of folk-utterances and as more conscious artist. Within these few pages Calverton tersely, and with decision, refers to the variety in the white man's attitude toward his fellow black, and dispenses quickly with the patronizing, the invalid, the specious, to consider the actual contribution of the Negro and his evolution as an articulate artist. I for one do not think Calverton exaggerates the vital importance of the Negro writer in America, but that importance is mostly, I believe, more potential than realized, more in the folk-utterances than in the writings of the professional. I do not find Cullen the artist a great step beyond Phyllis Wheatley, nor Langston Hughes the folk-poet beyond Paul Dunbar—insofar as conceptions of art are concerned.

Calverton observes the denial of inherent folk vivacity in the effete phraseology of the Negro artist but thinks a reaction to this false literariness is now at work. That is true, I do not doubt; but has the reaction as yet established a positive, creative attitude? I should say it has in the poems of James Weldon Johnson, "God's Trombones," not great poems but indicative of the understanding of art. No Negro poet has as yet found in Toomer's poems the lesson they contain in the blending of two heritages, English poetry and folk experience. Most of the fiction by Negroes is more interesting as document than as literature. But that might be said of the major portion of American fiction. The story by Eric Walrond is a superior example of the Negro's failure to find a pertinent method for his singular material. To be "colorful" is not enough. Walrond's work shows vital literary promise, but he must learn to see his stuff through other eyes than those of a Conrad or a Hergesheimer.

I support Calverton in his enthusiasm for the growth of the Negro in the American environment. If the black man's writings are still, as I see them, indeterminate, there is within them the suggestion of the new Negro who takes the white man's evaluation of his black fellow-countryman with some counterthrust. The Negro is looking for other material than the white man's idea of the black man's experience. He begins to look at his too-manifest virtues and vices with the eye of suspicion, of sacrilege. In this he is tagging behind his popular *artistes*, like the late Florence Mills.

This anthology is the record of the progress of the Negro toward self-esteem and self-assertion. It is this progress, underlined with social references, that V. F. Calverton elucidates in his introduction. Once the self-esteem and self-assertion are permanent and unvacillating, the literature by the Negro in America will be a major force wielded by a minority. The future of America is inextricably joined with the rise of the minorities, racial, philosophic, economic. The last is a minority of status, the first two minorities of status and numbers.

The Logic of Marriage

THE EVOLUTION OF MODERN MARRIAGE. By F. MÜLLER-LYER. Translated from the German by ISABELLA C. WIGGLESWORTH. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1930. $4.

Reviewed by FRANCES WILLIAMS BINKLEY

THIS book illustrates very well one of the contrasts between American and European sociological writing lately pointed out by Sorokin. It is important for its logic rather than for the presentation of data. It was written as part of a series which was to set up a great sociological system. The various phenomena of culture: language, science, religion, marriage, were to be arranged in successive stages, and by comparing these Müller-Lyer hoped to discover lines of direction that would indicate the course of evolution and define the ultimate goal of Progress. His theory of the development of marriage is best understood as part of the general system. Successive divisions of labor, which have their effect on the marriage institution, have marked the evolution of society. First there was division of labor between men and women; later men divided their labor among themselves. The modern transition from the Family Phase to the Personal Epoch, as he presents it, depends on "the differentiation of women." This will bring about a weakening of the family and lead to an era of individual freedom.

Such a method, while it might have delighted Herbert Spencer, cannot but arouse the suspicions of the contemporary anthropologist or sociologist and make him very uneasy. This structure, built up of neatly dovetailed phases, is a bit too perfect, too final, for what we know of the contradictory development of mankind. Nevertheless Müller-Lyer's way of treating the history of marriage has led him to some cogent considerations of the modern situation. His ideal of a free monogomy based on the economic independence of women is made increasingly familiar by current discussions of marriage. Although the book was first published by Germany in 1913, so rapid have been the social changes affecting marriage in the years since, that some of the prophecies made in it have already come true, as for example the predicted subsidence of militant feminism, and the suggestion that when wives begin to earn money husbands will tend to contribute less and leave it to the woman to care for herself and the children—the very complaint made by a "tired feminist" in a recent magazine article.

On the whole, however, the achievements toward which Müller-Lyer found his directional lines pointing are as yet unrealized. He did not live to see the end of the war which set askew the graph of progress he had been plotting. Co-operative housekeeping which was to solve the home problems of the working wife, is being approached in a very devious way through the virtual disappearance of housekeeping in apartment house life. Motherhood insurance has been slow to come. The entrance of women into industry was to relieve men of their burden of "man-killing" labor so that they might survive in greater numbers. But so far it has only complicated the unemployment problem, and the plurality of women continues. The increase in educational activity which was to bring about a refinement of morals and reduce divorce has not yet caught up with the disruptive factors in family life.

While this account of the evolution of marriage may inspire less confidence than that of Westermarck, Briffault, or Crawley, it does provide a fresh context for well known facts and a theory that bears looking into. At the least it sets up a substantial windmill for the knights of the young science of sociology to tilt against. And any book on marriage which contains a credible demonstration of the "pliability of sexual morality" deserves one good mark in the records.

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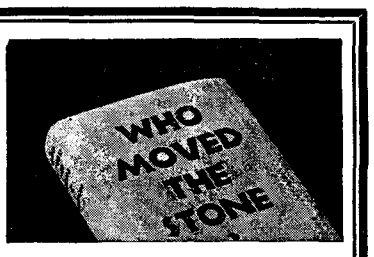

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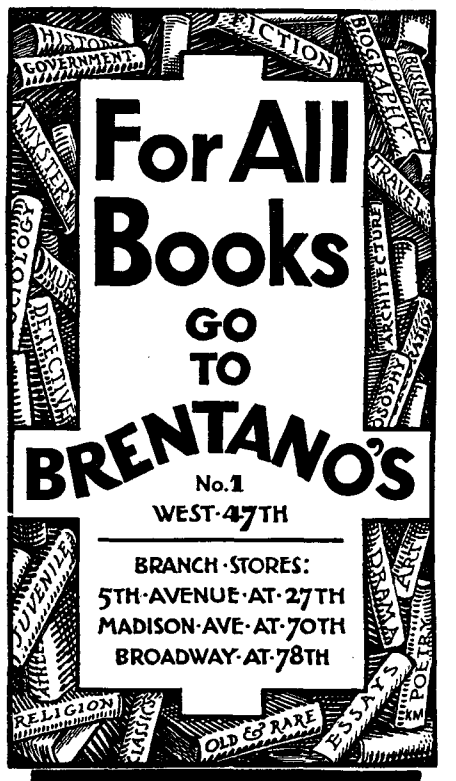

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A Letter From France

By Abel Chevalley

"ALLEN" by Valéry Larbaud (Gallimard) and "Morvan" (Rieder) by Constantin Weyer, the Goncourt laureate, are both accounts of a trip in Central France. I need not say that they have nothing in common with guide-books. They are the work of highly-trained and intellectual artists, both original and individual. Their authors remain unconcerned with history and geography, architecture, and sociology, tips and touts, char-a-bancs and charwomen, except when these subjects impinge upon their own impressions.

Valéry Larbaud takes us to Bourbonnais. His book is in the form of a dialogue. This would, of itself be sufficient to differentiate "Allen" from other travel books. It is mingled with the play and counterplay of ideas, the spectacle of nature, and the chronicle of events. "Allen" is entirely unsentimental. But it is as full of sap as a young tree. It bears the same relation to "Excursions" à la Taine as, for instance, Sterne's "Journey" to Smollett's "Travels." Larbaud's ideas are not merely intellectual. They vibrate.

One could expect nothing less from a man like Larbaud. He has re-explored almost re-invented half the world, spatial and temporal, created "Barnabooth," perhaps the most interesting type of cosmopolitan in after-war literature. Barnabooth is not a mere representation, an interpretation but a real "creation." Larbaud has also re-discovered James Joyce and fathered Ulysses. He is partly responsible (with Miss S. Beach) for the publication of that huge mental Odyssey. Without their help we would probably have missed its "bang" on the cymbals of fame, and its powerful influence on the life (or death) of the analytical novel would have been lost or delayed. For all his noble and ignoble traits, massive weight, and laborious novelty, "Ulysses" cannot make me forget "Portrait of a Young Man as an Artist," which by the way, I was probably the first in France to mention. But that's another story.

"Allen" is not at all a type of what, for brevity's sake, we shall call the regionalist novel. A silly label, like all others, but what can we do without labels? "Allen" carries its burden so lightly that it leaves no regular marks on its path. But the path is wide, well-trod and leads far.

Do you realize that three fourths of our present day fiction can be geographically ascribed to one or the other of the old duchies, counties and countries whose progressive union had constituted modern France? Those who still believe that Paris, however big and bright, is the whole of France—even literary France—are strangely belated. Never was the subject, the material of fiction more decentralized than it is nowadays.

Now, the "lady of the provinces" is in England much more provincial at heart, I mean in her aspirations and inspirations, than her French cousin, and much less in other respects. She has more contacts with the outside. She spends the "Season" at the capital. And "Society" lives a good part of the year in the heart of the country. The influence of distance, in our small Europe, may seem negligible to Americans. But the relative, not the absolute is what counts, even in distances, when metaphysics instead of mathematics are in question. Gloucester is not so far from London as Tours from Paris, and Tours is not halfway to Bordeaux. When I motor for the week end to my Vouvray district, I "do" more miles than if I crossed England from sea to sea. In fact, the English provinces, though their peculiarities are still well defined, have always participated more intimately in the literary life of England than the French provinces in that of France. The archaism, intellectual and sentimental, of a cathedral town is a living archaism. It remains in keeping with a social system where Labor ministers wear court dress. If you take the word "re-ligion" in its original sense of that which links or unites, a cathedral town is still conscious of its power, even if the cathedral pews are empty. It is part of the national fabric. Its canons have their rank in the national hierarchy. If you give the word "commerce" its original sense of intercourse, then a market town has still its social importance, even if the market place is deserted. It has a "Corporation."

In France, a cathedral is a symbol of the past, the home of a minority, a mental mausoleum. The renascence of religious feeling and catholic zeal, so remarkable in France, is not provincial. But of this and the Catholic novel, more hereafter. In France, a "market," however prosperous, retains no tradition, no symbols, and conquers none. Why, French mayors wear neither robes nor chains of office! Civil uniforms are the rule in England, the exception in France. An English cathedral is a home for whatever is English, even though un-Christian. Thomas Hardy, the pagan novelist, has his cenotaph in Westminister. Can you imagine Maupassant buried at Chartres, Anatole France at Rheims, Marcel Proust at Notre Dame?

The consequence of that physical and mental remoteness of French provincial life is somewhat paradoxical. It tends to make it more interesting and fertile from the literary point of view. Our provincial towns have become insular in France in the same manner as England, on account of her position, has remained insular in Europe. Our Albis, Carcassonnes, and Vendômes, are, in fact, small Englands between two seas: Ruralism on one side and Exoticism on the other,—the peasantry of Beauce and Quercy, the cosmopolitanism of Paris.

Now, mental isolation is eminently favorable to the growth or preservation of character. Our provincial towns are a mine of characters just as England is a preserve of definite personalities.

Nearly all the novelists of this generation have pegged out a moral claim on some province or other. The rarer the atmosphere, the clearer are the outlines. The immortal M. Prudhomme in one of his silly-solemn outbursts declared: "All towns should be built in the country. The air is purer." Fiction writers are apparently of the same opinion. Even those who know nothing whatever of country life or provincial manners are prone to situate their characters in provincial surroundings. They invent a rural world of their own. Cf. Julian Green in "Adrienne Mesurat" and "Leviathan."

So it happens that the very isolation of our small cities, making them more attractive, flings them back, through literature, into that flow of mental life which has deserted their streets and houses. They feel flattered, and, little by little, regain an interest, a sort of pride in themselves. They brave the odium of singularity, since it means popularity. They forgive themselves for being old and old-fashioned since it turns out that they are in fact re-capturing a sort of youth. Your great-grandmother does she not forget and forgive her infirmities when she sees herself a centenarian and her portrait in newspapers? The moral fastnesses of our provinces are slowly destroyed by the provincial novel. Regionalism resuscitates regions.

Their resurrection can only be partial. It is the nature of such processes that they consume or evaporate the best part of their material. But fresh material is for ever being re-created.

The industrialization of agriculture in some parts of France and harnessing of waterfalls in others, the development of motor traffic, rural exports, cheap press, popular education, the thirst for information, an appetite for literature, the mental mobilization consequent upon all great upheavals like the last war, are rapidly creating new conditions of life, new types of provincial characters.

The Wit's Weekly

Conducted by Edward Davison

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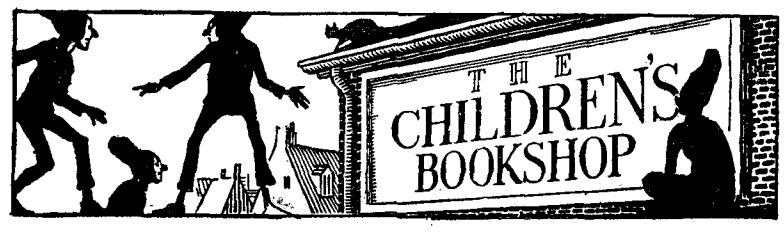

Conducted by MARION PONSONBY

Two Knights of Sicily

A Puppet Play

By LEE WILSON DODD

Orlando and Ruggiero are two Norman knights in the service of the King of Sicily, an island which they had helped him to conquer. They had sailed round from Harfleur with him, through the Pillars of Hercules, along the Barbary Coast, and had come at last to the beautiful Bay of Palermo. There they had grounded their longboats and had advanced to conquer Sicily from the Paynims, or Saracens, and to bring the whole island to Christ. Although a small band, they were so brave, knightly, and devoted, that they had easily accomplished this apparently impossible task—and the good King now ruled all of Sicily from his gorgeous palace, La Ziza, constructed for him in the Arabian style by conquered Saracens. The King had also built two wonderful churches, one at Monreale, one at Ciefalú, outwardly in the severe Norman style, but inwardly glorified with mosaics of purple and gold.

Nevertheless, though the whole island was conquered, and all the captured Saracens had been forcibly baptized, the former Saracen knights and nobles were not content. They were always stirring up trouble for the King, and hoping to win Sicily back from him and rule it again themselves as a Moslem state. So there were constant plots and revolts to keep Orlando, Ruggiero, and the other knights busy and contented—for no good knight is ever contented if he has only to sit at home by the fire in peace and play on his lute.

The present play tells of one adventure, out of many, which befell Ruggiero and Orlando.

SCENE I.

The Palace of the King, called La Ziza.

THE King is holding court. Orlando enters to him, and the King expresses his joy that all of Sicily is now at last benevolently subdued and at peace. Orlando sighs. "What (says the King), aren't you happy about it, too?" "No (says Orlando), I always get into trouble when I am not abroad serving your Majesty—and so does my friend Ruggiero. For, see, what has happened to us. We have both fallen in love with your fair daughter, the beautiful Princess Isabella."—"Tut, tut," says the King, "that isn't so bad! Come now! I will gladly bestow her hand upon either of you, for you are both the bravest and truest knights in Christendom. And the one of you that wins her for his bride shall inherit my kingdom."—"Fair enough (says Orlando), but here's the difficulty: Ruggiero and I are the best and truest friends on earth. Neither one of us would think of *taking an advantage of the other*; so we neither of us feel that we have any right to press our suits! *I* feel that it wouldn't be fair for *me* to speak first, and Ruggiero feels it wouldn't be fair for him to try to get ahead of *me*. So we can neither of us do anything about it."—"Well (says the King) that's a difficulty I hadn't thought of. But here come Isabella and Ruggiero. Let *me* do the speaking for you, knights, and let the Princess decide."

So the whole difficulty is explained to Princess Isabella, who replies that Orlando and Ruggiero are both perfect, and she simply cannot choose between them. She could be happy, she is sure, with either—if the other knight were not equally brave, beautiful, and charming. So, since nothing immediate can be done about it, the problem is temporarily postponed.

Just at this moment, the greatest of the Saracen knights, Saladin, is announced. He has come from his mountain fortress, beyond Etna, to pay his respects to the King. He enters and kneels, humbly, before the King—but he is a sly, evil-hearted dog, and he casts wolf's eyes at Princess Isabella. It is evident that what he has really come for is *her*. He kisses her hand, and she turns from him in horror. He grinds his teeth, secretly—but speaks only affable words. The King rises, and Isabella retires with him. This is the end of the first scene.

SCENE II.

Isabella's bedroom. She is retiring for the night. She says her prayers to the Virgin and then tumbles into bed. Suddenly Saladin appears—he has been hiding in a cupboard. He smothers her shrieks in a scarf and bears her off through the window and down a ladder. His horses and men are waiting below. We hear them galloping away. A great bell begins to ring.

SCENE III.

The King's dressing-room. The King is distracted—pacing up and down. Enter Ruggiero and Orlando. The King tells them the terrible news. Saladin has run away with Isabella. They must hotly pursue Saladin and rescue the Princess—and the knight who first kills Saladin and rescues Isabella shall be her husband. Orlando and Ruggiero both swear to save her or perish in the attempt—and they hurry forth.

SCENE IV.

A lonely spot near Etna. Enter Orlando, searching for the Princess. He comes upon her glove lying before the mouth of a cave. "Ah ha! (he cries) she is concealed in there! I have found her!" He kisses the glove and thrusts it into his bosom. Then he prepares to enter the frightful cave. But as he advances—a horrid fire-breathing Dragon rushes out at him from the cave. Orlando instantly draws his sword and attacks the Dragon. A sanguinary conflict ensues. At last, Orlando severs the Dragon's head from his foul body—then he enters the cave. But soon reappears. The Princess is not within—unless she has been eaten by the Dragon. Orlando fears the worst, yet he presses on.

SCENE V.

He arrives in a Lonely Wood by night. He sees the glimmer of a candle through the trees and follows on towards it. It comes from a mean-looking wood-cutter's cabin.

SCENE VI.

He enters the cabin—and sees the Princess Isabella, lying asleep on a rug on the floor. She is all alone. He tries to waken her, but he *cannot*—yet she is obviously not dead. So she must be enchanted with an evil spell. Probably a Saracenic spell—so Orlando produces a crucifix. At once there is an explosion—then all is darkness for a moment—and then—

SCENE VII.

Orlando finds himself, with Ruggiero beside him, in a dungeon. Ruggiero is as astonished to see Orlando as Orlando is to see him. They recount their adventures—which are identical. Ruggiero, too, has slain a Dragon, been lost in a forest, came upon the enchanted figure of Isabella in a wood-cutter's cabin, produced his crucifix to break the spell—and lo, he—like Orlando—is now in a worse fix than ever! They both agree that this must be some hellish sorcery of Saladin's—what are they to do? They examine the walls and door of their dungeon. There is no escape. Alas, they agree sadly, we are both lost! Poor Princess Isabella—! So they say their prayers, like good knights—embrace each other—and lie down to rest. They sleep.

Then the dungeon door softly opens and the wicked Saladin enters on tiptoe. He gloats silently over his sleeping captives. Then he draws his scimitar and makes ready to slay them both. But—just as he lifts his scimitar to sever their heads with one blow—he *sneezes*. Orlando and Ruggiero spring up, grab their swords and fly at Saladin. They pierce his foul body from either side at exactly the same moment. Saladin falls. Then together they rush out from the dungeon.

SCENE VIII.

Princess Isabella's Prison in the Castle of Saladin. She is alone and bewailing her unhappy fate. Suddenly she hears sounds of furious combat without. The door is broken down by stalwart blows—and Orlando and Ruggiero rush in together and kneel before her. They have slain all the Saracen knights in the castle—each has slain exactly 101 knights apiece—and now they have rescued her together. She thanks them graciously, giving a smile to each—and they depart together.

SCENE IX.

The King's Palace at Palermo. The King is bewailing his fate—a daughter lost, Orlando and Ruggiero, his bravest knights, gone for over a year and no word of them in any direction. Then joyful cries are heard—and Orlando and Ruggieso enter with Princess Isabella, each holding her by the hand. General explanations and rejoicings. "And to which of these brave knights (says the King) do you chiefly owe your rescue?"

"Alas (says Isabella), "as much to the one as to the other."

"Well, well (says the King), then here we are again! But at least my daughter is safe until the next time—and Saladin is dead. There is always something to be thankful for." And amid general rejoicing and cries of "Better luck next time!" Orlando and Ruggiero depart.

The curtain falls.

Plays for Boys and Girls

TYPICAL PLAYS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. Edited by JAMES PLAISTED WEBBER and HANSON HART WEBSTER. Houghton Mifflin. 1930. $2.

OUTDOOR PLAYS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. Compiled and edited by A. P. SANFORD. Dodd, Mead & Company. 1930. $2.50.

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NEW PLAYS FOR EVERY DAY THE SCHOOLS CELEBRATE. By MINNIE A. NIEMEIER. Noble & Noble. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by JANE DRANSFIELD

A decade ago there were few plays obtainable that were definitely suited to the child amateur. The phenomenal growth, however, of what is termed the child-drama movement, a recognition on the part of educators, especially here in America, of the cultural and sociological value of the acted play, has created an immense demand for such plays. Every grammar and high school throughout this broad land of ours, every camp, social settlement, recreational centre, and even Sunday school, now give plays as a component element in their curricular activities. To meet this great demand a supply has rushed in, so that to-day there are children's plays aplenty. As to the quality of this supply, it must be said that of fine and beautiful plays for children, alas! there are still all too few.

The standard anthology of children's plays is doubtless Montrose J. Moses's two-volume "Treasury of Plays for Children." Close to this in value and variety are the two collections of J. P. Webber and H. H. Webster. From these editors comes now a third collection, "Typical Plays for Young People," which includes not only short plays, but, in deference to popular demand, longer plays also. Continuing the method of selection employed in their earlier collections, some of the short plays have a background of literature and art, as Constance D'Arcy Mackay's "The Prince of Court Painters," a verse play about George Romney, or "The Mistake at the Manor," which relates an incident in the life of the youthful Goldsmith. For color there are two delightful pieces of Oriental flavor, "The Thrice Promised Bride," by Cheng-Chin Hsuing, always deservedly a favorite, and a new play, "The Coffee Pot," a dramatization by Frances Healy of a familiar Arab folk-tale. In Kotzebue's "Pharaoh's Daughter," eighteenth-century comedy is represented. Of the three longer plays, Lady Gregory's "The Dragon" is the best selection, although in "Sweethearts," by W. S. Gilbert (of Gilbert and Sullivan fame), there is a pleasant mood of mid-Victorian satire. All the plays are easily staged, and while well within the range of the young amateur are sufficiently difficult to be stimulating. Altogether this is a volume to be recommended.

Mr. A. P. Sanford, while an industrious compiler of children's plays, with a half dozen volumes under his name, is not an anthologist to be trusted. Those who revere, on the one hand, the plastic imagination of the child, and on the other, drama as an art, need no warning against his collections. Others, not so discriminating, may. Occasionally Mr. Sanford includes something worth while, but one feels this is more by chance than by choice. The first of these new volumes, "Outdoor Plays," is no exception to his general mediocrity. Beyond the fact that all of the plays require an out-of-door setting, there is little or nothing that runs sheer to creative nature in her moods either of witchery or majesty. Two little plays, "Pan's Secret" and "The Wistful Witch" have a touch of charm, and may well be used, but not even these, or the dramatizations of Ivanhoe or the Bible, can

(*Continued on page* 1019)

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

BETWEEN THE LINES. By *H. M. Tomlinson.* Harvard University Press. $1.25.

ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES. By *John Burnet.* Macmillan. $5.

Biography

I'M LUCKY AT THAT. By DAVID BETTS, the Taxi Philosopher. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1930. $2.50.

This is a book that just doesn't come off. David Betts, the Taxi Philosopher, is a lovable failure, full of good, home-spun advice about how you don't have to be rich (or even solvent) to be happy, and how the lowly maiden may be better off than the daughter of a thousand earls. As far as actual facts are concerned, they are less in evidence than one would expect from a real taxi-driver. (David Betts is probably a *nom de plume* for Emil Ludwig.) The most exciting thing I remember is that Mr. Betts once drove J. P. Morgan somewhere, and that isn't awfully exciting at that. In addition, this book is written in dialect; that is, the word "and" is always spelled "an," the word "guy" appears every three or four inches, and five out of six sentences begin with "Me, I, etc." Mr. Betts's mental processes do not seem to justify this charmless obscurity.

THE PORTRAIT OF MR. O. W. By *Alan Devoe.* Union Square Book Shop.

EDGAR ALLAN POE. By *Alfred Russell Wallace.* Privately printed.

THOMAS HOLLEY CHIVERS, Friend of Poe. By *S. Foster Damon.* Harper. $5.

DWIGHT WHITNEY MORROW. By *Hewitt H. Howland.* Century. $1.50.

BORN A JEW. By *Boris D. Bogen.* Macmillan $3.

SEED OF ABRAHAM. By *Morris S. Lazarou.* Century Co. $2.50.

EMERSON, THE ENRAPTURED YANKEE. By *Regis Michaud.* Harper. $4.

Drama

CREATION AND OTHER BIBLICAL PLAYS. By *Olivia Cushing Andersen.* Geneva: Kundig.

A CERTAIN YOUNG WIDOW. By *John Woodworth.* University of Oklahoma Press. $2.

Education

TOMORROW'S AMERICANS. By *A. O. Bowden* and *Ida Clarke Clyde.* Putnam. $2.

L'HOMME QUI ASSASSINA. By *Claude Farrère.* Edited by *Thomas Rossman Palfrey.* Century. $1.25.

PHÈDRE. By *Jean Racine.* Edited by *Charles H. Hunkins.* Century. $1.

Fiction

CLOSING HOUR. By NORAH HOULT. New York: Harper & Bros. 1930. $2.50.

"Closing Hour" describes the struggles of a household in the most pitiable of all classes, the shabby-genteel that has come down to real pinching want. The people of the book are underfed, cold, and threadbare, but they cannot accept the neighborly help the poor give the poor, or appeal to public charity. They cannot even throw themselves savagely into the animal struggle for existence, and rest when each day's food and warmth are won; they must spend half their strength in building without straw the brick wall of respectability. The children are ill-nourished on porridge and kippers, but their clothes must be kept presentable at all costs, and whenever there are a few shillings half of them must go on account to this and that creditor, to avoid open disgrace. The husband is a shiftless, drunken solicitor; the mother is driven to desperate endeavors to keep up appearances, not only by pride, but by the menacing knowledge that if the state of their affairs becomes public, the husband's meager livelihood is gone.

Miss Hoult does not obviously pity her poor people, but she has a sympathy that is deeper and better than pity. Edna, the wife, is no idealized figure of suffering, but a human woman who nags her husband and is cross to the children for whom she slaves, and now and then yields to the overwhelming temptation to let things slide a little, and must work harder to catch up. Her faults make her not only the more real, but the sadder. One gets the sense that one often gets in Euripides, that tragedy lies not in suffering, but in the warping and degrading of a spirit through suffering.

The husband is a greater triumph. Miss Hoult has not only penetrated his nature, with his fatal Celtic softness, and his need to think well of himself, but she has fathomed the hold that drink has on him. In the pompous, absurd, utterly real drunken scenes, one really gets the feeling of

> Then the world seemed none so bad
> And I myself a sterling lad—

a thing that almost no woman understands.

Thus the characters are presented so fully as to leave no loop-hole for escape. The wife must scold because her husband is a drunkard; the man must drink because his wife is a scold. They are helpless.

The book has a great deal, but it wants something. It wants progression and concentration. The time covered is only a few days; there is very little action; even in that short time the life depicted is a repetitious round. There is indeed a climax, for the husband is taken up, drunk and incapable, by a policeman, and that means ruin; but after all, given the characters, the situation is really no more hopeless at the last than at the first. The book might well have gained enormously by the wider canvas of "Ultima Thule," which would have given scope for a more anxious struggle and a longer fall. As it is, "Closing Hour" is static rather than dynamic, and sometimes tragic, but more often depressing.

DOWN IN FLAMES. By BEN RAY REDMAN. New York: Brewer & Warren. 1930. $2.

Mr. Redman's book consists of ten stories, all having to do with flying and all with a curious quirk to them. The note of tragedy is uppermost, but tragedy presented in a sardonic, almost amusing way. This heightens the ultimate effect, as when we are told the ludicrous thoughts of an aviator who, though he little suspects it, is making his last flight. Or when we read of the rage of the man who, on the evening before going on leave, loses twenty pounds at poker, only to have the friend who won it crash to his death in the morning and see the twenty pounds, unspent, sent to the friend's wealthy father. Mr. Redman is more than a skilful maker of plots; he writes with feeling, with an unusually good but restrained sense of the dramatic, and with an unquestionable knowledge of human nature and of things aeronautical. These are excellent short stories.

DESIRES AND DEVICES. By HELEN SIMPSON. Doubleday, Doran. 1930. $2.50.

The period novel seems to be Miss Simpson's forte, though there is rather less atmosphere and rather more story in her new book than in "Cups, Wands and Swords," which she published last year. This time the scene is the English countryside in 1816, "the fifty-sixth year of our sovereign Lord George III"; the heroine is a Miss Melian Forster, daughter of a wealthy contractor, who has never met her father before he retires and comes to lead the life of a country gentleman in Comptonshire. The tale is as a whole well conducted and in many points ingenious, involving a trial in which the daughter is made to give perjured evidence by her father. Later she is the spectator of his ruin and suicide, having found in the person of a French prisoner of war the necessary romantic counterpart.

In many ways such a novel is superior to the similar sort of thing turned out in much greater quantities before the war. More convincing and better written, it nevertheless fails to give the same pleasure. The over-romantic heroine and the villain (whether father or not) who was really villainous have retired to the screen, leaving in their place only Miss Simpson's not very sympathetic shadows. It is a little difficult to say why such a heroine as Melian Forster is less satisfactory than her predecessors, but it is perhaps because her case has been unduly complicated by the addition of a moral. She and her father represent, if you please, "those who follow too much the desires and devices of their own hearts." Mr. Forster's desire was for revenge on his enemy Sir Hilary Pomfret, penniless but "county," and hence all powerful in the district. Consequently Forster's money in this case is of no avail and brings its possessor low. In many ways an excellent narrative, the story gains little from its pseudo-historical dress remaining somehow curiously modern, so that one expects the trial of the farmers (for assaulting Sir Hilary) to turn into a scene from one of Mr. Galsworthy's plays at any moment. Hence Miss Simpson's compromise attempt to reconcile realism and romance is conscientious but not wholly a success, for it would seem that the period novel must become truly historical in its characters as well as in its setting to interest today.

(Continued on following page)

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Long Hunt by James Boyd

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author of "They Still Fall in Love," etc.

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author of "Unravelling the Book of Books"

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The Wilderness of Denali by Charles Sheldon

"Good reading to the outdoor man, the scientist and the layman and a very valuable introduction to those intending to visit Mount McKinley National Park."—New York Sun. Profusely Illustrated. $6.00

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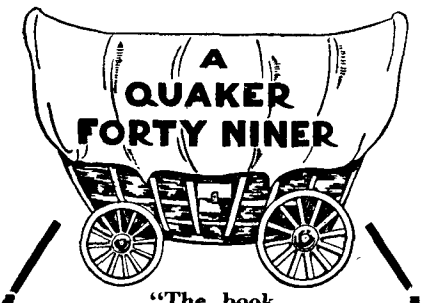

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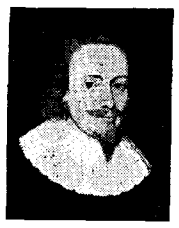

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Points of View

Frank Harris as Cowboy

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Doubt has been cast, from time to time, upon the authenticity of the various interviews Frank Harris has claimed to have had with celebrities—beginning with Julius Cæsar and ending lately with Wild Bill Hickok. If the reported interviews with Wild Bill Hickok in Mr. Harris's "My Reminiscences as a Cowboy" may be taken as a sample, then the interview with Julius Cæsar and others may safely be put down as being merely moonshine.

Permit me to point out a couple of things in this book, "My Reminiscences as a Cowboy": On page 22, Mr. Harris states that he was at the age of seventeen in Chicago the manager of a hotel. As Mr. Harris was born in 1856, this incident in his life must consequently have been in 1873. Then followed various cowboy experiences in which he pretends he met and talked with Wild Bill Hickok. The book ends with an account of Mr. Harris returning to Chicago from the frontier two years later, when occurred the great Chicago fire; but this Chicago fire happened in 1871. But Mr. Harris, at the time of the Chicago fire, was only fifteen years old. Figure that out! Here is muddle and strangeness for you!

Mr. Harris's chapter on Wild Bill Hickok is, to say the least, a tissue of absurdities. He states on page 47 that when he "took the trail," Wild Bill was City Marshal of "either Wichita or Fort Dodge." Wild Bill was never marshal of either of these towns.

Mr. Harris states on page 51 that "Bill Hickok" had been brought up in Missouri, near Pleasant Hill. In point of fact Wild Bill was never known as Bill Hickok, but as "Jim Hickok," for his name was James Butler Hickok. He was not brought up in Missouri, but in a town named Troy Grove, a few miles southwest of Chicago.

Mr. Harris states, on page 52, that Wild Bill's father had always taken Wild Bill to the Methodist Chapel. In point of fact, his father was a deacon in the Presbyterian Church. He states that Wild Bill's father got shot twice because of Southern leanings. In point of fact, Wild Bill's father died in 1852. He was never even half-shot.

On page 54, Mr. Harris tells about Wild Bill killing a man named Ned Tomlin, in trouble over a watch, before the war. The man he killed in trouble over a watch was Dave Tutt of Springfield, Mo., after the war.

On page 55, he quotes Wild Bill as saying: "The war broke out and then I heard my father had been killed." Wild Bill's father had, at this time, been dead eight years!

Mr. Harris states that Wild Bill was on the trail as a cowboy at $60 a month and grub,—this approximately in 1870. The funny thing about this statement is that while Wild Bill was supposed, acording to Mr. Harris, to be "on the trail," down in New Mexico, as a cowboy, it happened that he was either marshal of Hays City or of Abilene. Every minute of Wild Bill's time is accounted for, and he was never a cowboy in New Mexico.

It is rather amazing that Frank Harris, before pretending to have met Wild Bill Hickok and talked with him as a cowboy, did not have a look at so carefully documented a book as "Wild Bill Hickok, Prince of Pistoleers," by F. J. Wilstach. If Mr. Harris will read this book, he will discover how absurd are his supposed interviews with Wild Bill Hickok. Furthermore, Wild Bill—otherwise James Butler Hickok—was an apt student in school, and Henry M. Stanley stated he used excellent English. In short, he was not the mudsock Missourian that Mr. Harris depicts.

W. E. HENDERSON.

On Italian Translations

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In Italian *nipote* is not only the regular word for "nephew," but also the regular word for "grandson." If Signor Praz, the author of "Unromantic Spain," is really an Italian, he cannot help knowing this fact; and if he wrote the book in English, he may well by his knowledge of it have been led into some slight error in a foreign language. Your reviewer, Mr. R. Selden Rose of Yale University, does not mention whether the book is a translation; his saying that "Mr. Praz's own prose is so fine" is not conclusive.

I think we may safely assume that the author knows what relation Philip II was to "Crazy Jane." If so, your reviewer's sneer—"Please, Mr. Praz, etc."—is undeserved.

Mr. Rose, who was obviously picked because of his knowledge of *el alma de España,* is evidently no Italian scholar. That could hardly be demanded; but if he were one, he would have seen what must have occurred, and spared his sneer. So he cannot be blamed.

What must have occurred (if it was not the author who made a mistake rather in diction than in genealogy), throws the blame on the unnamed and hypothetical translator, who either is weak in Italian, weak in Hapsburg family-trees, or else, as the best translators sometimes do, he slipped. He might be given the benefit of the doubt. The French translator of Ferrero's great "Grandeur and Decadence of Rome" slipped in the same spot (though at another angle), and worse: in some passages he made Octavian the nephew of Julius Cæsar, in others his grandson.

What indeed would seem expedient would be for you to turn translations from the Italian over for review to university gentlemen who *are* Italian scholars.

LOUIS HOW.

New York City.

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE LACQUER LADY. By F. TENNYSON JESSE. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1930. $2.50.

The dramatic story of that time of bloody chaos in Mandalay which precipitated the intervention of British troops and the absorption of Burma into the Empire serves F. Tennyson Jesse only as background in her novel, "The Lacquer Lady." Though she drives her story to dramatic climax, doing her best writing in narrative of action, she seems never so much interested in vigorous story as she is in the study of three women and the blood of East and West which flows in varying degrees within their veins.

Against a background of violence, these three women, whose lives are shaped in the midst of music clamoring to drown the shriekings at King Thibaw's massacres, are like shades of color on a chromatic scale, scarlet through gray. In most lurid color is painted Supaya-lat, child queen, whose dry lust for power drove the weak Thibaw to his murders and ultimately to his fall. In softer tones is painted the portrait of Fanny Moroni, half-caste daughter of an Italian weaver at the Burmese court and favorite of Supaya-lat. Austere as a steel engraving is the drawing of Agatha Lumsden, missionary's daughter and missionary's wife, the cold western antithesis to the cruel little queen.

Although the chronicle is too long and occasionally tedious, the conception of these three women as racial types in contrast is always extremely interesting. In Miss Jesse's study, the Oriental Supaya-lat is the barbarism that destroys itself. Agatha is the puritanism that destroys itself. Neither can find satisfaction in herself or in others. Little Fanny, the half-caste, is perhaps the natural woman. She has neither Agatha's cold aspiration to service and religion nor Supaya-lat's cold ambition for power. She finds satisfaction in petty, shiny things—new dresses, the buildings of Mandalay, the jewels of the queen. In contrast to the others she seems utterly trivial until she rises in revenge upon her unfaithful French lover to wreck the whole elaborate structure of international intrigue and with it the tinsel court which she loved. Afterwards she seems trivial again, but at the last, of the three, only she has found any deep satisfaction in existence.

Miss Jesse has been particularly successful in the handling of the details of life at the Burmese court. With great ability she has used details to make reality in the kingdom of red lacquer and gleaming galvanized iron where life seems like a game of mad children playing with death in a magnificent doll house. Beauty and cruelty, blindness and pain, are always close together in the vivid kingdom. Startling is Miss Jesse's description of the young mothers of Burma who come in pride to suckle the sacred white elephants at their full, young breasts.

This novel by Miss Jesse, who is a niece of Lord Tennyson, was recently the monthly choice of the British Book Society.

History

IN SEARCH OF AMERICA. By *Lucy Lockwood.* Hazard, Crowell. $3.75.

THE HISTORY OF THE TOWN OF MARLBOROUGH, WINDHAM COUNTY, VERMONT. By *The Rev. Ephraim H. Newton.* Montpelier: Vermont Historical Society.

(*Continued on following page*)

The Love Poems of Joannes Secundus

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

A. N. W., Wilmette, Illinois, says, "I shall be deathlessly grateful to you if you can recommend something to me on how to get the most out of travelling. I am going abroad in May, and while I know Johnson's 'He who would bring back the wealth of the Indies must take the wealth of the Indies with him' in its strictly literary sense (I have read all the books in the Public Library on England, France, and Italy), nevertheless I am spiritually poor on the fine art of travelling. What I want is something on understanding as I go along. I always feel that I have missed so much of what other people get out of its beauty, friends, etc. . . . . and all I manage to achieve is a curiosity."

SEE if Frank Tatchell's "The Happy Traveller" (Holt) does not teach you the trick, or Cornelia Stratton Parker's "Ports and Happy Places" (Liveright) What is the trick? Frankly, I don't know. I travel very little. A large part of my life is spent on trains and ships, but that is because I have something to do in Vienna or Minneapolis, Edinburgh, Pittsburgh, or Lynchburgh; so I go there. My first advice to a traveller would be to go for a reason, and preferably with a job. You never see so much of a place as you do in the intervals of working in it. Pilgrims always see more than tourists, largely because they keep their eyes on certain places and approach them in a spirit of "humility at the end of a journey." You see much more along the way if your way is leading to Canterbury or Stonehenge than if it is just keeping you going.

Another way to get the most out of travelling is to settle down, as it were, in a permanent frame of mind, in every place in which you spend a day and a night. If this sounds crazy, all I can say is that it works, and in the chapter on travel books in my "Books as Windows" (Stokes) I have described how it does. Peope never tire you, even if they keep coming one by one in what seems to an onlooker an unending line, so long as you take them one at a time and give each one your complete and undivided attention, free from memories of the last and expectations of the next. It is when you begin to look over the shoulder of the one whose hand you are shaking, at the one coming on, that you begin to go to pieces. It is the same with reading books; it is the same with cities. If you will wait until you get back home to compare London or Berlin or Paris with New York, or with any other city, if you will just soak in the city you are in, you will get much more out of any metropolis. Also, a woman told me once that I had changed her whole travel experience for the better by reminding her that she was under no obligation to improve anything in Europe, and could scarcely be expected to do so in the time she would be there.

I think curiosity is a grand thing to get out of travel; most of us need more of it. As for friends, that depends on one's habit of making them offhand. I have never made them on a journey; London scarcely counts, for I stay there so long and go so regularly. But often as I have crossed the ocean, ironclad a sailor as I have the good fortune to be, I have never added a name thereby to my address-book, being the sort of voyager who basks in a deck chair, thanks Heaven she does not have to do deck sports, reads the ship's detective stories and wishes she had remembered to bring along a book of crossword puzzles. The only time I ever crossed with anyone I knew beforehand—save of course clients of the *Guide* who have seen my name on the ship's list and looked me up, and my eighty-four-year-old mother who goes gayly along every year—was when last Fall I ran into Ernestine Evans of Coward-McCann on the platform at Victoria and spent the time it took for the Aquitania to get to New York in blissful and practically uninterrupted converse.

This year, however, it looks as if I were to have travelling company. The summer headquarters of the Guide will be as usual in Chelsea, London, but if the clients of this column get their replies for a season on postcards from the continent of Europe, it will be because the Church and Drama League has asked me to conduct a group of ten travellers who are to make a "Literary and Dramatic Pilgrimage" to all the principal theatres of Germany and some of France, and to all the dramatic festivals of England, taking in literary associations on the way. I join them in Berlin. I hasten to reassure the timid that I have nothing to do with tickets or catching trains or suchlike expert business duties, which are to be performed by a courier who goes along with the party. The party leaves New York on July 3, returning September 7. I hope they do collect the requisite number, for I intend to have a grand time on that trip and I have noticed that when I have a thoroughly good time the rest of the party generally does, too. The Church and Drama League, which I thus unblushingly advertise, has its bureau at 289 Fourth Avenue, New York, from which they will send you on request a reticent and enticing little green booklet telling about the projected tour.

H. C. A. C., Honolulu, Hawaii, asks "Can you tell me of novels dealing with dentists and their families and social position other than 'Miss Lulu Bett' by Zona Gale, and 'Where Angels Fear to Tread,' by E. M. Forster?"

THE best book I know about dentists is the property and production of Dr. Edmund Taylor of the Postal Telegraph Building, who will probably jump a foot with surprise when he thus finds himself in print. He is the wonder-worker who keeps my teeth reasonably firm in my face; when he was furnishing his office and it was not so crowded as it is now, he began to fill a scrap-book with jokes about teeth and their treatment with which our funny papers are so heartlessly well provided. That was long ago for the volume to have grown to a great size; I understand that patients from a distance call for it as they come through the door, and marking its accretions, pass to the chair wreathed in smiles. I have long thought that this work had possibilities as an anthology: "The Dentist's Garland," "The Ivory Chain," or something like that, and perhaps Dr. Taylor will pay some attention to the idea now he sees it in type.

Other than this, the only book I know in which a dentist plays a leading part is "You Never Can Tell" (Brentano), the play by Bernard Shaw that opens in a dentist's chair, keeping this instrument well in sight through the first act. No doubt there are other dentists in literature besides these three; they will be welcomed in this column.

The same Honolulu correspondent tells me that the next inquirer in search of a book about saints might be told about a most convenient little one called "A Book of Saints," published in Routledge's Miniature Reference Library (Routledge and Sons, London and E. P. Dutton, New York). "Recently reprinted, it has clear type and lists over 1,200 saints, all the principal early and continental ones as well as hundreds of English and Celtic, giving brief outlines of their more prominent qualities, histories, legends and attributes. The book is 2½x4 inches and less than half an inch thick, just the right size to slip into a handbag or pocket, hence professional librarians, artists and teachers as well as general readers and many travelers find it the handiest of desk and satchel books on the subject. I may say that my own copy has been in constant use for more than twenty years."

This gives me a chance to tell an inquirer whose letter I have mislaid that an excellent rhyming dictionary can be found in this collection, which costs seventy cents a tiny volume and maintains a high level of merit. It also permits me to remind prospective travelers that a handy book about the saints, like this, will greatly improve one's acquaintance with pictures.

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

International

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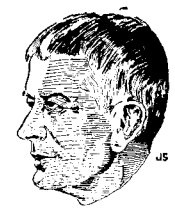

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Sotheby and Company, London. May 12th: Printed books, principally in English Literature, and illuminated manuscripts, forming part of the collections of the late George Folliott, of Vicars Cross, Chester. These include: "A Book of Christian Prayers," London, 1581, J. Daye; S. Brandt's "Stultifera Navis," Basel, 1497; "Ditz moraulx des plilosophes," a fifteenth-century manuscript on vellum; "A Short instruction veric [sic] profitable and necessarie for all those that delight in gardening," London, 1591, an unrecorded pamphlet; Humfrey Gifford's "Posie of gilloflowers," London, 1580; R. Higden "Polychronicon," Southwark, 1527; an English fourteenth century manuscript Horæ; "Libro della vita di Sancti Padri," a North Italian manuscript of the fifteenth century; Bulwer-Lytton's "Eugene Aram," 1832, and "The Last Days of Pompeii," 1834, both titles in the original boards; a manuscript account dated 11th Feb., 1586, called Piozzi's set of Horace Walpole's "Works," London, 1798-1818; and several of the publications of John Guold, including his "Birds of Australia," 1848-1869.

American Art Association Anderson Galleries. May 12th and 13th: the Library of the late Lois C. Levison, of New York City; books and manuscripts sold by order of the Women's Alliance of All Souls' Unitarian Church of New York City, for the benefit of the Building Fund; and books from various other sources. The first session will include first editions of modern authors, private press books, and a small collection of American historical autographs; the second will be devoted to the books brought together by the Women's Alliance of All Souls'. Among the items to be sold are: the manuscript of the aria, "Rejoice greatly," from "The Messiah," in Handel's autograph, with the words and music written out in full by him, apparently for the use of Signora Avoglio; an autograph letter, signed, by Paganini; the privately printed first edition of Stephen Crane's "Maggie," and a copy of the first published edition of the same novel, which appeared in 1896, three years after the privately printed issue; Smollett's "Humphrey Clinker," 1771, and "Peregrine Pickle," 1751; Walter DelaMare's "Songs of Childhood," A. E. Housman's "Shropshire Lad," first edition; Mrs. Craik's "John Halifax, Gentleman"; a first edition of DeQuincey's "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," with an autograph letter inserted; one of twelve copies, privately printed, of Sir James Barrie's elegy on the death of Stevenson; the Lewis Carroll-Harry Furniss correspondence in connection with "Sylvie and Bruno," and "Sylvie and Bruno Concluded," 63 letters and 25 original drawings, which cover practically the entire story of these two books—there are the author's outline of the work, his suggestions about the illustrations, an autograph manuscript of "What Tottles Meant" that differs from the printed version, and a pen-and-ink portrait of Carroll by Furniss; a large collection of material from the estate of the late Augustin Daly, including his signed salary receipts from 1873 to 1893, his ledgers and accounts, his contracts, and about seventy autograph letters from Mark Twain, Eugene Field, Thomas Hardy, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Bret Harte; four original water-color drawings by Kate Greenaway; several fox-hunting prints by Henry Alken, James Pollard, R. G. Reeve, and T. Sutherland. The books sold for the benefit of the All Souls' Building Fund include: a copy of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter"; a letter from Abraham Lincoln to Senator James H. Lane; the autograph manuscript of James Russell Lowell's poem, "My Brook," with a letter from Lowell to Dr. M. J. Savage about it; E. A. Robinson's "The Torrent and the Night Before," a presentation copy from the author; the manuscript journal, made by Robert Stuart, of the Third Overland Expedition in the United States, done originally for John Jacob Astor, and turned over by him to Washington Irving for use in "Astoria."

G. M. T.

Catalogues

Lathrop C. Harper (8, West 40th Street, New York City. Catalogue number 160—A Selection of Incunabula, part V. With an introduction by George Parker Winship.

This catalogue brings to a dignified conclusion the series dealing with incunabula that Mr. Harper commenced to issue three years ago, a series that has included work from 394 presses in 88 different cities, some of which has never been fully described, and, in other cases, has been known before to exist only in single copies. Like its predecessors, the present part is consistently well organized and well annotated, and Mr. Harper is extraordinarily fortunate in having a person of Miss Miriam Lone's ability and intelligence to whom he could entrust the terrifying labor of composing the notes for the entire collection. It is obvious that she has accomplished whatever has been possible: that out of a confusion of collations, references, and notes, she has managed to create a work that gives always a remarkable impression of unity and simplicity. The value of the selection as a whole has been increased by an alphabetical index, and there is promised a list of errata. In his introduction which might, somewhat uncharitably, be considered to be largely a kind of advertisement for the "German General Catalogue" and the Harvard Library, Mr. Winship speaks of the books that before 1500 "kept the printers prosperous . . . school books for beginners and texts for university scholars; for doctors and lawyers, for merchants' clerks and farmers' wives; and the shifting array of little tracts which went into the peddlers' packs." Most of these, he points out, "have been lost beyond recall, but the realization that they once existed gives renewed significance to every other piece of printing that has come down to us through the intervening centuries. Mr. Harper, combining the wisdom of his years in the bookmarts with an undimmed freshness of vision, saw the way in which scholarship ought to go, long before the professional plodders knew that there was ever to be any turning." Mr. Harper deserves the tribute of sincere gratitude for his achievement in assembling such a collection, and for his courage in presenting it in so excellent a form: he can, most justly, be proud of his assistant, Miss Lone, and of himself.

It is worth remarking that the present catalogue contains a copy of Caxton's translation of Cato, "The Boke callyd Caton," printed by him at Westminster in 1483; Bartholomew de Glanville's "De proprietatibus rerum," printed at Toulouse in 1494; and the first book printed in England with musical notes, Ranulf Higden's "Polycronicon," done at Westminster by Wynkyn de Worde in 1495.

G. Michelmore and Company, London. Catalogue number 15—The Romance of Letters.

Romance, in this case, is so exceedingly expensive that few persons will care to pursue it. There is always a certain pleasure in discovering a London dealer who seems to be able to outdo in high prices and sheer sentimentality several of his competitors here—it restores so charmingly one's faith in America. Lot 109, for example, called "Boswell's Johnson," and described as "the precious and highly important collection of autograph letters signed, original letters, and MMS. by and about Dr. Johnson," consists of three letters from Johnson to Mrs. Thrale, one from him to Mrs. Aston, fifteen by several persons—from Dr. Burney to Professor Lounsbury—that happen to possess references to the Doctor, two books in Latin from Boswell's library, the works of Horace (in French) with a poem by Mrs. Thrale inserted, and some miscellaneous halfpennies and bronze tokens—the price is £2,000. Two autograph manuscript poems by Ouida are priced at £10 each: a surprise group dealing with the Washington family—it contains, among other things, a letter from James T. Fields to Miss Mitford about the death of John Quincy Adams—costs £400. For general interest and entertain-

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ment no recent catalogue can be more highly recommended.

Arthur Rogers (18, Eldon Square, Newcastle-on-Tyne). Catalogue 24.

A sensible, interesting catalogue with descriptions and notes that accomplish their object without attempting to transform themselves into flowers of English prose. No collector of nineteenth century authors can afford to neglect Mr. Rogers's catalogues. G. M. T.

The Children's Bookshop

Plays for Boys and Girls

(*Continued from page* 1014)

atone for such a cheap piece of writing as is the girl's camp play, "This-A-Way and That-A-Way." Of the second volume, "Plays for Graduation Days," better things can be said, as this is the best collection thus far made by Mr. Sanford. Here we find one really noteworthy selection, "Shakespeare, the Playmaker," written in collaboration by twenty students of the University of North Dakota under the direction of Frederick H. Koch, which presents a vivid picture of the Elizabethan days, with a very human Shakespeare gathering the material for his plays from the touch-and-go of the life about him. Although more of a pageant than a play, it has sufficient form and style to render it interesting, even from the reader's standpoint.

In performance it should be equally as arresting, and as a spectacle fascinating. Other plays that are above the Sanford average are Percival Wilde's "The Inn of Discontent," Florence Ryerson's "The Willow Plate," "The Sanctuary Knocker," by Alice Walker, while for those who wish to give a Punch and Judy show there is "Mister Punch," a spirited adaptation by Colin Clements of the Piccini puppet play.

"New Plays for Every Day the School Celebrates" is an enlarged edition of Minnie A. Niemeier's volume of last year. It is doubtless already well known to teachers. Miss Niemeier, who is connected with the New York City public schools, writes ably, having a sense of humor as well as of dramatic form, and these little plays are far above the average quality of much of the material available for the many "days" and "festivals" the school curriculum celebrates. Her plays for New Year's Day, Lincoln's Birthday, and Spring Day are especially happy. If drama in our school must be a gay handmaid to sober masters, let it arrive, as far as possible, not seated on an iron-shod dray horse, but on winged Pegasus.

ALANNA. By Helen Coale Crew. Harper & Brothers. $2.

A little piece out of the life of a little Irish girl, the scene of which moves from Ireland to America and back again. A simply written, rather moving story that deals with the lives of simple people and is a welcome relief from the stories of unduly sophisticated younger folk which have lately been appearing. The line drawings and special flyleaves designed by Joan Esley are also to be commended.

To attempt to fit a story like this to a special age group is hardly possible. It will be liked by people of a certain kind rather than of a certain age, those who know that true stories are not manufactured but grow in and from the everyday lives of everyday persons.

Spring

(Adapted from a fable in De la Mare's "Come Hither.")

By Laura Benét

Once upon a time,
Long ago it was,
When spring sang gently in the grass,
In every bud, in every stone,
There drove across the river Rye
An old, old lady, birdalone
In her silvery carriage on.
Under a greening lime
She heard low sounds of glee
And, straining her dim eyes,
Saw beneath the tree
A little boy in stuff of light
Chuckling joyously.
The curling hair upon his head
Yellow as a primrose bed;
His two eyes softly blue
As a myrtle flower's.
Shaking his sides, he laughed aloud,
As though Time had not hours.
Angrily the old lady spat:
"Boy, what are you laughing at?"
"At sparrows, ma'am," was the reply.
"Mere dirty sparrows," quoth she, "fie!"
"They were just saying," piped the child,
"Here comes across the river Rye
A coachman with an old white horse
Driving a blind old lady."
"Hoity, toity," stormed the dame,
"Impudent changeling!
I am not blind and have not been."—
"Nor these, *mere* sparrows," cried the wean.
There fell a sudden hush—
And where his streaming hair
Had blown, a bright gorse bush
Was gaily blooming there.

Grandmother's Brook

By Rachel Field

Grandmother tells me about a brook
She used to cross on her way to school;
A quick, brown brook with a rushing sound,
And moss green edges, thick and cool.
When she was the age that I am now
She would cross over it, stone by stone.
I like to think how she must have looked
Under the greenery, all alone.

But sometimes I ask her: "Is it there,
"That brook you played by—the same, to-day?"
And she says she hasn't a doubt it is—
It's children who change and go away.

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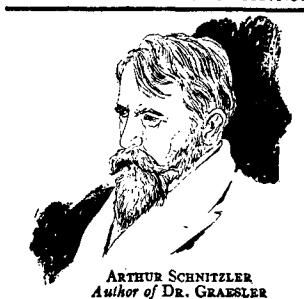

ARTHUR SCHNITZLER
Author of DR. GRAESLER

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ON the eastern slopes of the Malvern Hills a Dramatic Festival will be held this August. It will principally be a tribute to *George Bernard Shaw*, as a programme of plays of his will be given under the direction of *Sir Barry Jackson* in association with *Captain Roy W. Limbert*. But also there will be staged an entirely new play by *Rudolf Besier* called "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," dealing with the love story of *Elizabeth Barrett* and *Robert Browning*. This latter work will be given its opening performance in the town of Great Malvern because it was near there that Elizabeth Barrett spent her early life. Among the Shaw plays to be given will be Candida, Heartbreak House, The Admirable Bashville, The Dark Lady of the Sonnets, and The Apple Cart. . . .

We understand that the greatly talented *Hygeia Sippers* is at work upon a volume of tonsorial verse, principally in unheroic couplets, to be entitled "Like as Toupees." Miss Sippers is writing as usual in her home at Croton-on-Hudson. It is rumored that there is some idea of asking *John Drinkwater* to prepare an introduction to her volume. . . .

Louis Untermeyer, writing from the Adirondacks, tells us that his hired man, having survived their north of Boston winter is frostier than ever. . . .

One of the pleasures in returning to our desk in this office is to find a copy of the Spring 1930 number of *The Hound and Horn*, the quarterly published at Portland, Maine, whose editors are addressed in Cambridge, Mass., Box A. This periodical corresponds somewhat to *T. S. Eliot's* quarterly in England, *The Criterion*. The present issue contains among other contributions, three cantos by *Ezra Pound*, papers on *Stuart Sherman* and *Henry Adams*, an essay by *Montgomery Belgion*, and a paper by *Kenneth Burke*. . . .

Ludwig Lewisohn has written a preface to "Emerson, The Enraptured Yankee," by *Regis Michaud* which Harper has just brought out. . . .

Danny Ahearn's "How to Commit a Murder," published by Ives Washburn is a true human document. Ahearn's actual speech and phraseology have been preserved in it. It is the frankest account of modern gunplay in a great city we have ever read. . . .

Cape and Smith have made a most attractive book of *Josie Turner's* "Elsie Dinsmore on the Loose." We first made Elsie's acquaintance in *The New Yorker*. We have found her and her father very amusing. . . .

According to R. R. Bowker's monthly survey, *Thornton Wilder*, *Warwick Deeping*, and *Katharine Brush* led the fiction as best-sellers in March and *Maurois* and *Ludwig* the general literature. . . .

"The Later Years of Thomas Hardy," written by his widow, *Florence Emily Hardy*, and published recently by Macmillan, completes the two volume life of the great novelist and poet, and is concerned principally with his poetry, as is natural, for it was that to which he turned after "Jude the Obscure. . . ."

Herbert Gorman has sailed for England and *V. F. Calverton* has taken over his courses in literary criticism at New York University. Among the lectures Mr. Calverton will give will be one on "Humanism as a form of literary fascism. . . ."

The edition of "The Decameron" which Covici, Friede Inc. have just brought out will, they believe, come to be accepted as the definitive translation, as it has been done by *Richard Aldington*, author of "Death of a Hero." It is really considerably more than just a finely produced limited edition. . . .

There are now twenty-four separate editions of "All Quiet on the Western Front," which would seem to have established a world record for popularity, as the grand total of sales in Germany, France, the United States, England, Spain, Denmark and Norway, Sweden, Holland, Russia, Japan, Hungary and Finland is over two million and a half copies. The New York premiere of the motion picture of the novel, made by Universal, was on April 29th. . . .

We have heard an anecdote of a North Side matron in Chicago who said to *Thornton Wilder* at dinner, "You're an engineer, aren't you, Mr. Wilder? I've heard something about you building bridges in South America. . . ."

Morley Callaghan recently returned from a trip of several months in Ireland, and, speaking in Montreal, declared his belief that Ulster and the rest of Ireland would be united by bonds of love and mutual respect—within the next hundred years. . . .

Longmans, Green and Company issue some interesting statistics in regard to their recent Prize Novel Contest. They say that if laid end to end the 81,250,000 words written by hopeful authors for this contest would reach from New York City to Cincinnati, a distance of 757 miles. The total weight of the manuscripts submitted amounts to 3,500 pounds, equivalent to the tonnage of two of Mr. Ringling's more youthful elephants. Manuscripts were received from every state in the Union, with New York leading in the number of literary optimists. . . .

On May ninth at Carnegie Hall at 8:45 P. M. there will be a controversy on "Humanism, Will It Succeed?" *Irving Babbitt* will be the Humanist spokesman, *Carl Van Doren*, Editor of The Literary Guild, will speak in the negative, and the revered editor of this periodical, *Henry Seidel Canby*, will take the stand of "Yes. *But*—what brand?" *Harry Hansen*, Literary Editor of *The New York World* will be Chairman. Tickets are for sale at the Box Office, the Rand School Book Store and the Columbia Book Store. . . .

The latest of the Charles Boni Paper Books is edited by *Charles A. Wagner* with an introduction by *Mark Van Doren*. It is entitled "Prize Poems: 1913-1929." It is an extremely attractive small volume with a cover designed by *Rockwell Kent*. . . .

The hundredth anniversary of the birth of *Emily Dickinson* will be observed at the Hampshire Bookshop in Northampton, Massachusetts, on May 10th. There will be several speakers, including *Madame Martha Dickinson Bianchi*, niece and biographer of the New England poet, and *MacGregor Jenkins*, author of "Emily Dickinson: Friend and Neighbor," which is just out today. There will also be exhibitions of manuscripts, portraits, and books. . . .

The May selection of The Book League of America is *John Held, Jr.'s* "Grim Youth." Purty good fer an illustrator feller jest adventuring into the realms o' fiction! . . .

We are all puffed up and proud at being included in the dedication of *Leonard Bacon's* new book of Poems, "Lost Buffalo," which Harpers has done recently. It is a rich and various volume. The salt of Leonard Bacon's wit and the power and imagination of such poetry as he gives us in, for a bare instance, "Sarvachradden" have always been a delight to us. . . .

W. E. Woodward's biography of *Thaddeus Stevens* (to be called "An Enemy of Lincoln,") will not be brought out for six months because Mr. Woodward recently came across a large amount of interesting new material which he is going to incorporate in his work.

"Epitaph," a new poem by *Theodore Dreiser* has been published by Horace Liveright in a limited edition of one thousand, one hundred numbered copies. Mr. Liveright is acting as selling and distributing agents for The Heron Press, Inc. The format of the poem was planned and decorated by *Robert Fawcett*, with full-page illustrations and decorations and the book was printed at the press of *August Gauthier*, hand set in Nicholas Cochin. . . .

Carl Van Doren has been working on a life of *Jonathan Swift* over a period of many years and the Viking Press are to publish it sometime this summer. . . . *Cyril Clemens*, President of the Mark Twain Society is offering a prize of ten dollars for the best poem on *Mark Twain*. There are no restrictions. All contributions must reach the Mark Twain Society, Cyril Clemens, President, at Mayfield, California, by June first. . . .

We wonder how the Blue Ribbon Books, Inc., in which equal shares are owned by Dodd, Mead; Harcourt, Brace; Harper and Brothers, and Little, Brown and Company, are going to go. Blue Ribbon Books, Inc. has no plans to invade the fiction field, but will publish successful non-fiction titles.

THE PHOENICIAN.

The AMEN CORNER

Robert Bridges is dead. April 21st brought the fulfillment of a prophecy that all readers of his great *Testament of Beauty*[1] must now feel to have been as much the desire of the poet as it was a premonition:

"Wherefor as when a runner hath run his round handeth his staff away, and is glad of his rest, here break I off. . . ."

Mr. Bridges had completed his masterpiece. He had given to the world a poem that great critics ranked immediately with the greatest works in any language. Columns have been consecrated to this best seller of any poem that living men have known. And its limited and first editions are already at high premiums. It is something to have written a really great poem, but something again to have interested thousands of people to the point of buying their own copies, that they might read with "that brooding familiarity with phrase and feeling which many of us have for Keats[2] or Wordsworth".[3]

* * *

We were delighted to see "The Year's Work in English Studies" make special reference to some 82 Oxford books. Virginia Woolf's lively introduction to *A Sentimental Journey*[4] is praised as "a brilliant critical appreciation." Miss Spurgeon has "placed us all under an obligation by her penetrating and sensitive interpretation of new material in *Keats's Shakespeare*."[5] Fripp's *Shakespeare's Stratford*[6] "contains a vast amount of interesting information." And Wilson's *The Batchelor's Banquet*[7]—one of the more pungent pieces of popular literature"—is highly commended. Well, we told you so!

* * *

C. L. Woolley's *The Sumerians*[8] and *Dead Towns and Living Men*[9] and Boas's *Marlowe and His Circle*[10] are exciting books of the genuine order. And, if you hanker after "hants," L. Lavater's *Of Ghostes and Spirites Walking by Nyght*, 1572[11] will interest you. Your unchilled vertebrae will shiver with a reading of *The Amber Witch*.[12] It is obtainable in the very attractive *World's Classics*[13] blue cloth binding, that has appealed to our eye and our poor purse. Their small format you will find most convenient for your travelling or your crowded apartment bookshelf. If you are one of the loquacious clan of anglers, you will do well to slip into your leather pocket a copy of the Russian Izaak Walton—Sergei Aksakoff's *A Russian Gentleman*.[14] On the other hand, if you are one of those unfortunates who gnash their teeth at their friend's fish stories, you might silence him for ever with a presentation copy of *Moby Dick*.[15]

* * *

Notice of the coming International Yacht Race has decided us to read Sir Alan Moore's *Last Days of Mast and Sail*,[16] an Essay in Nautical Comparative Anatomy, It is an open sesame to all those mysterious names, like mizzen lowermast and gaff topgallant sail, and the glorious days of sailing ships. The book is full of drawings in color and black and white.

* * *

If you are not letting Mr. Cook plan your European trip, you are probably trying to learn something about the countries you will visit. *Life in Mediæval France*[17] is a survey of the rich tapestry-like background of mediæval French civilization. The Passion Play will attract many travellers to South Germany, Austria, and Northern Italy, and some to the Dolomites. *Peaks and Frescoes*[18] is a perfect book, stressing those beauties which the hasty tourist misses. It is illustrated with rare charm. Visitors to Italy will *need* Bernhard Berenson's *Italian Painters of the Renaissance*,[19] for it tells more about Italy's art treasures than any other book, and is as readable as it is authoritative. *The Legacy of Rome, Greece, and the Middle Ages*[20] are surveys in the best sense, presenting with brevity the histories of these cultures, and written by specialists in each of the subjects discussed. And last, let us recommend Kinglake's *Eothen*[21] which is like Stern's *Sentimental Journey* in its brilliant and witty descriptions. It is a classic of Near East travel literature and it will, like Stern's delightful book, put you in an adventuring frame of mind, if you haven't acquired one reading Oxford Book lists![22] Bon voyage!

THE OXONIAN.

(1) $3.50; limited editions printed by Wm. Rudge Press, $25.00. (2) $1.50. (3) $1.50. (4) $.80 (World's Classics Edition.) (5) $10.00. (6) $1.50; Shakespeare's Haunts, $2.25; Shakespeare Studies, $2.50. (7) $3.25. (8) $2.50. (9) $2.00. (10) $2.50. (11) $6.00. (12) $.80. (13) Over 350 titles; send for complete list. (14) $.80. (15) $.80. (16) $7.00. (17) $5.25. (18) $5.50. (19) $4.50. (20) $3.50, $2.50, and $4.00. (21) $1.25. (22) Ask to receive book announcements, Oxford University Press, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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